

COOKIE

N937
JULY

10¢

The Funniest Kid in Town...



**WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM**

THROW UP YOUR HANDS!

and **CHEER** for a
**ONCE - IN - A -
LIFETIME
COMICS MAGAZINE!**

THE HOODED HORSEMAN

---A SLAMBANG, THRILL-A-
MINUTE WESTERN COMIC
THAT TOPS THEM ALL!

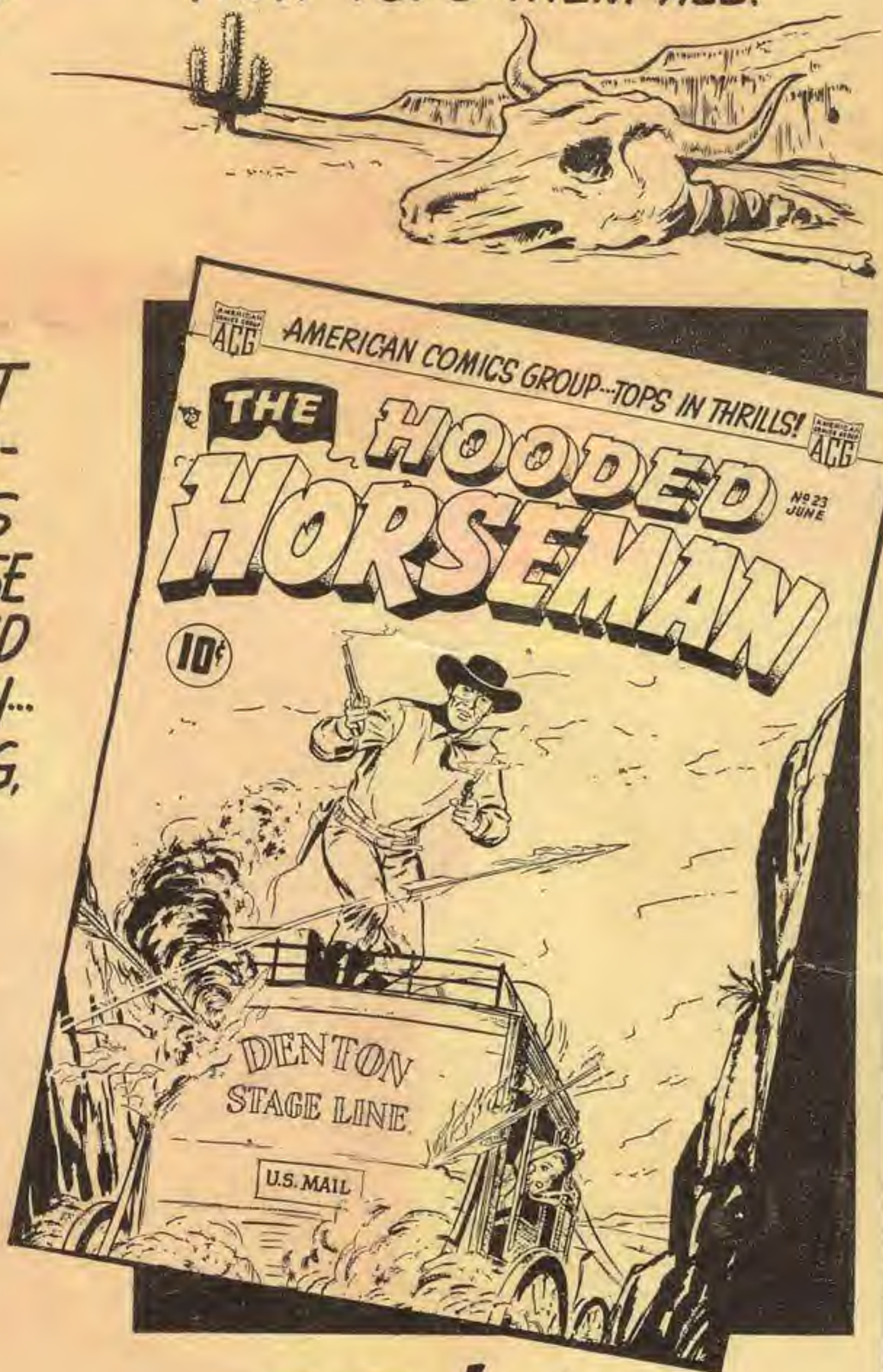


You'll GASP AT
FAST-SHOOTING, RED-
BLOODED GUNFIGHTERS
THAT PACK A POWERHOUSE
PUNCH...CHILL TO PAINTED
INJUNS ON THE WARPATH...
THRILL TO HARD-FIGHTING,
FAST-RIDING COWBOY
HEROES!

★ ★ ★

You've NEVER read a
western like this...
it's an action-packed
killer-diller! So...
don't miss

THE HOODED HORSEMAN!

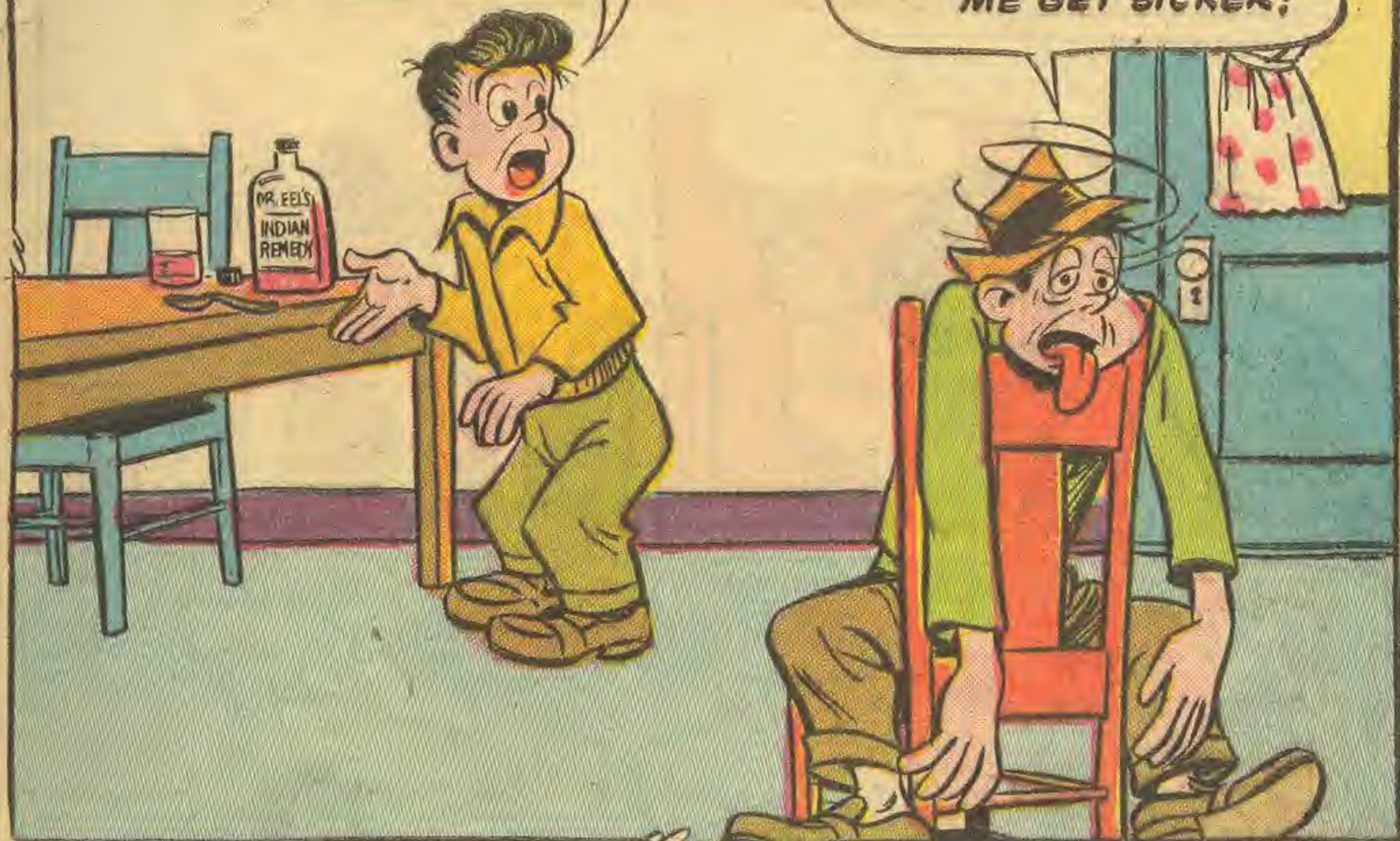


10¢ ON ALL
STANDS

COOKIE

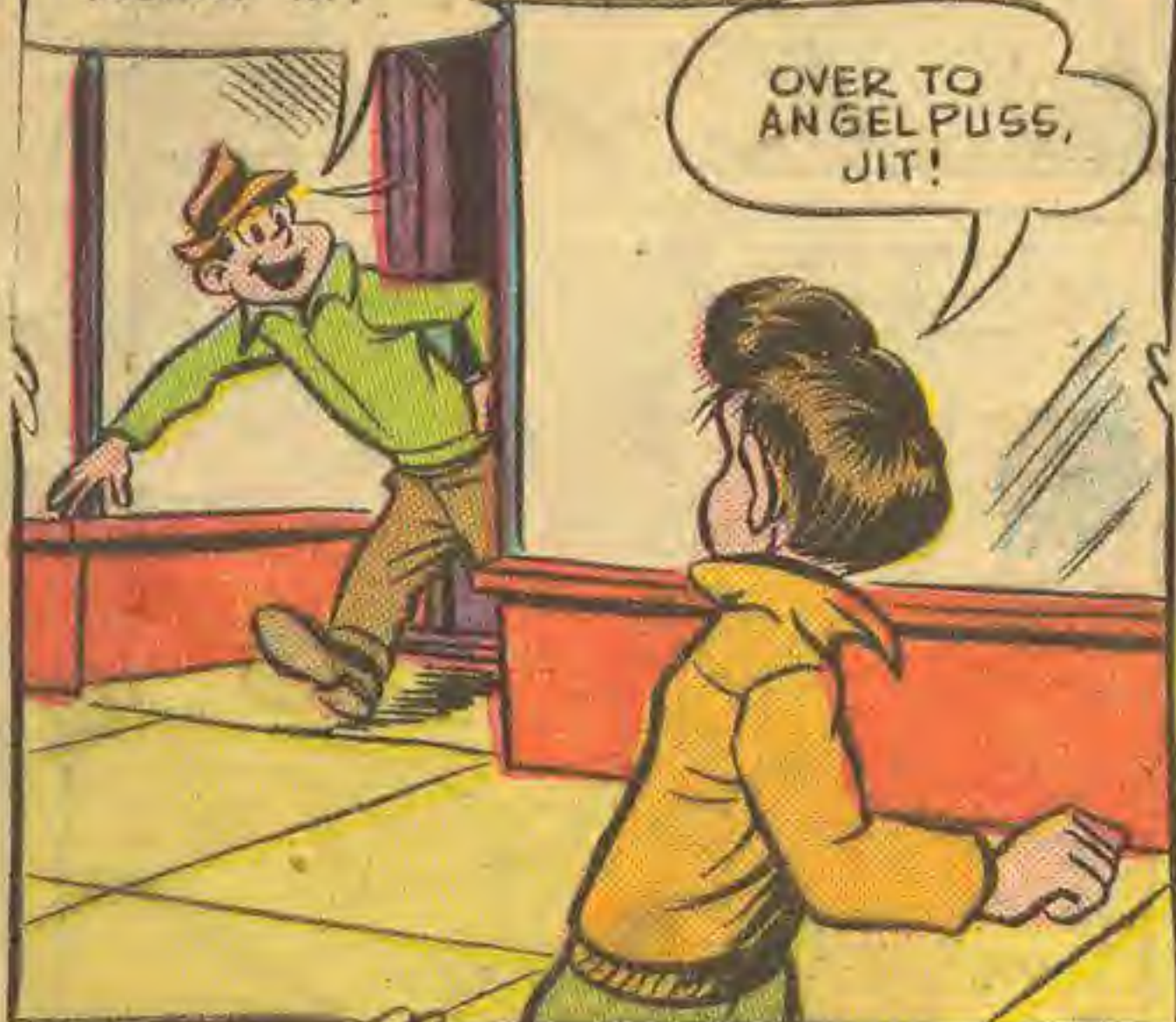
HEY, JITTERBUCK!
WHY DON'TCHA TAKE
SOME OF THIS STUFF?
IT OUGHTA HELP YA!

I AWREADY TOOK SOME
OF IT AND IT HELPED ME
ALL RIGHT --- HELPED
ME GET SICKER!



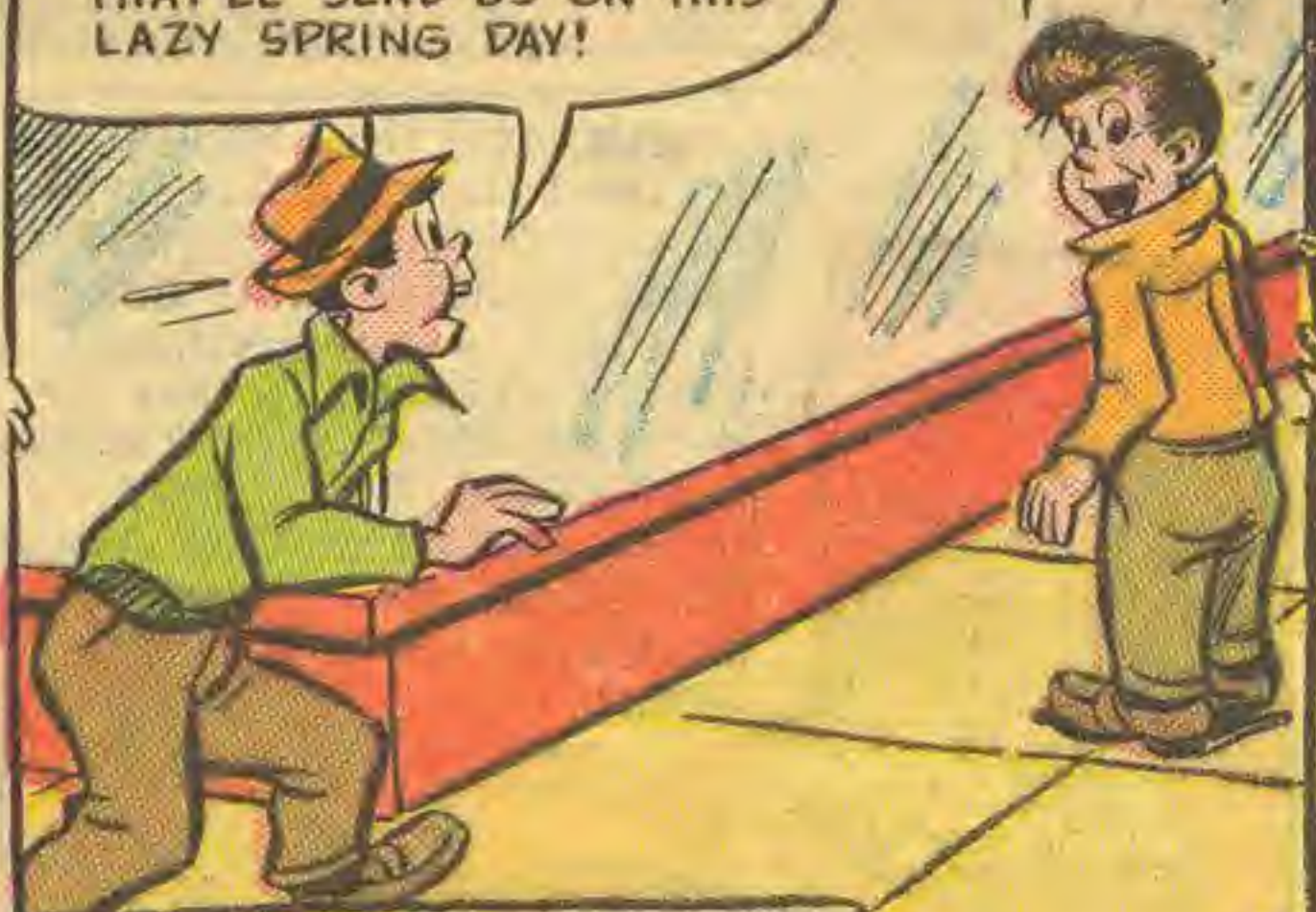
HEY! FAIR-FACED BOY* WITH
EYES, WHERE'S THE CURRENT
PUSHIN' YA?

OVER TO
ANGELPUSS,
JIT!



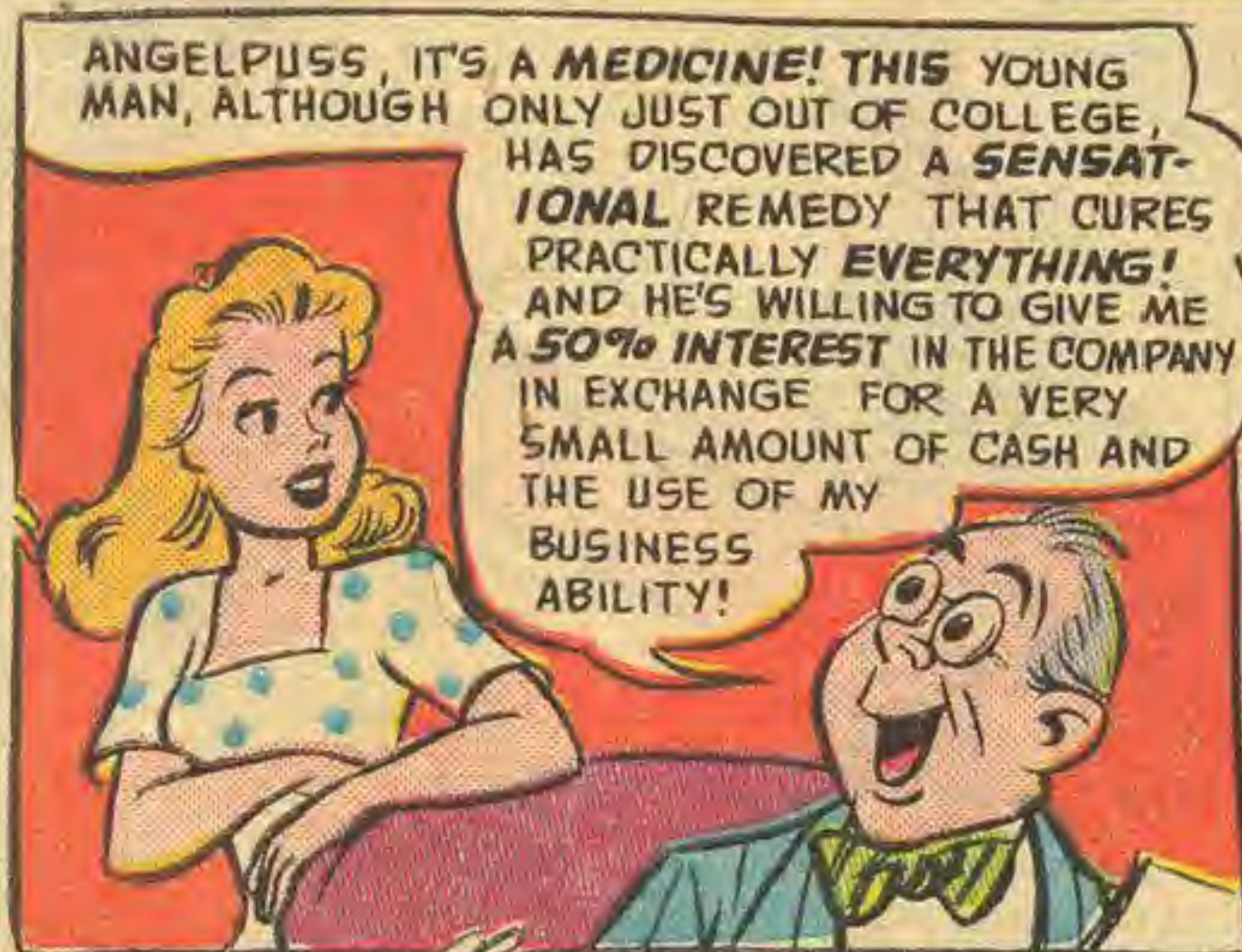
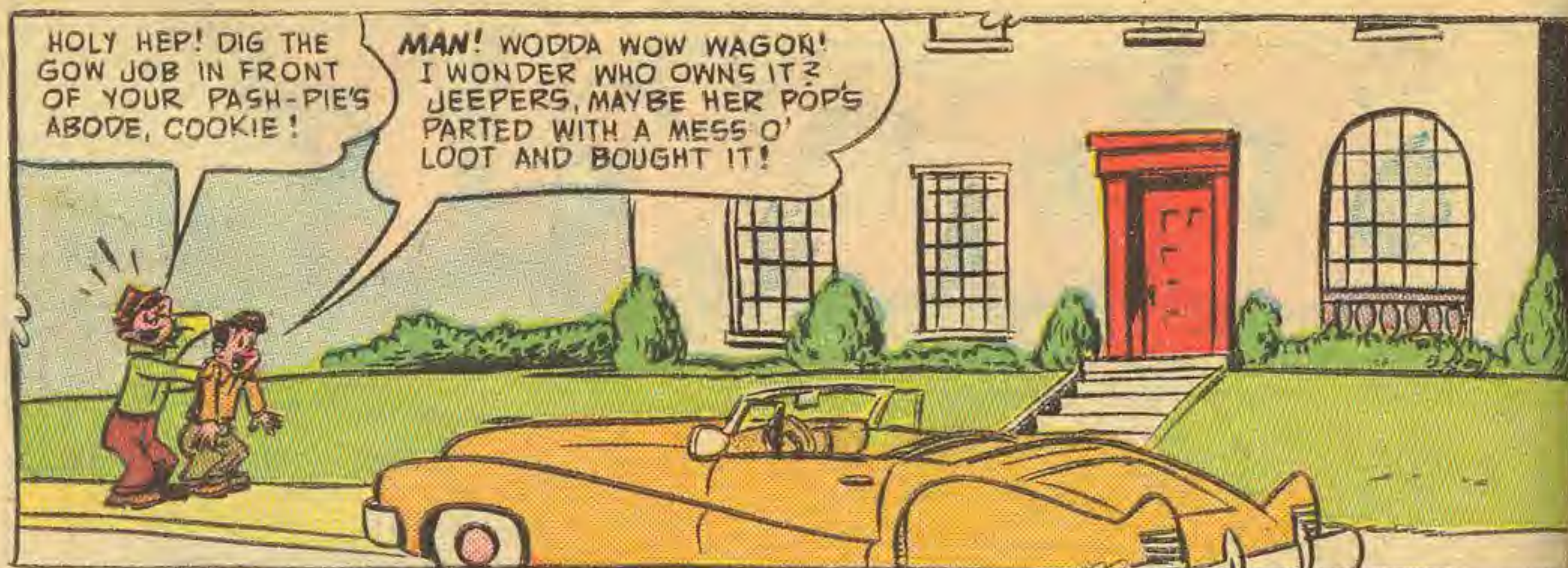
WELL, WAIT A MINUTE AND
I'LL HEEL AN' TOE IT OVER
THERE WITH YA! MAYBE WE
CAN ALL GET TOGETHER
AND COOK UP A STORM*
THAT'LL SEND US ON THIS
LAZY SPRING DAY!

OKAY,
C'MON
ALONG!



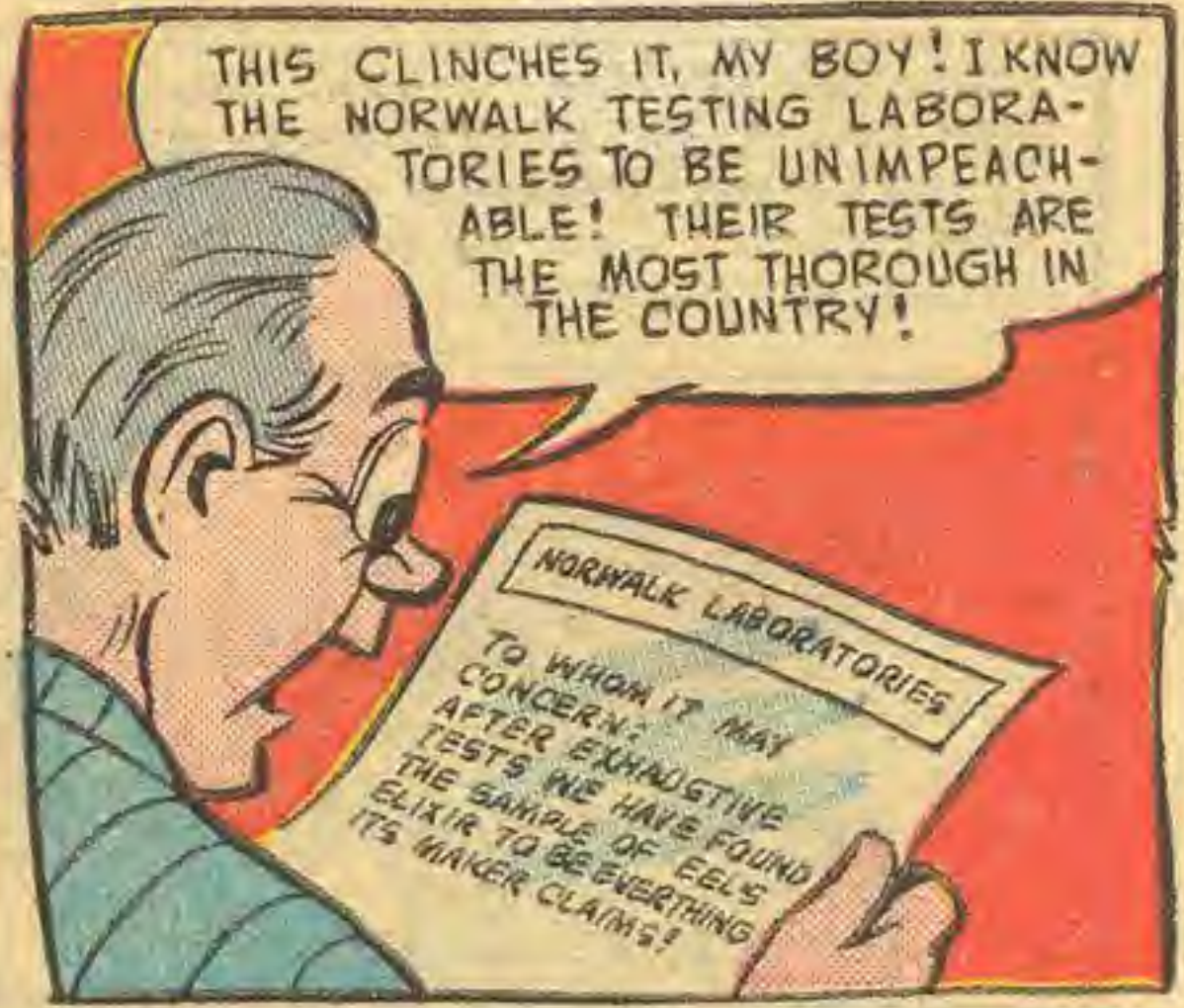
* A PARTY OR BIG TIME...

1





AND JUST IN CASE THERE'S ANY DOUBT IN YOUR MIND, SUH, I WANT YOU TO READ THIS REPORT AH RECEIVED FROM THE NORWALK TESTING LABORATORIES!



THIS CLINCHES IT, MY BOY! I KNOW THE NORWALK TESTING LABORATORIES TO BE UNIMPEACHABLE! THEIR TESTS ARE THE MOST THOROUGH IN THE COUNTRY!

NORWALK LABORATORIES
TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:
AFTER EXHAUSTIVE TESTS WE HAVE FOUND THE SAMPLE OF EEL'S ELIXIR TO BE EVERYTHING ITS MAKER CLAIMS!



I'LL SIGN THE PAPERS AND MAKE OUT A CHECK AT THE SAME TIME, MY BOY!

YES, SUH!



BY GEORGE! YOU'RE THE KIND OF BOY I LIKE--A GO-GETTER. A SUCCESS BEFORE YOU'RE 20 YEARS OLD! WELL DROP BY TOMORROW AND LET ME KNOW HOW THINGS ARE GOING!

THIS MEANS A FORTUNE FOR US, SUH!



HEY, COOKIE! GUESS IT'S THAT GUY'S CAR! HOLY HEH! HE'S **YOUNG** TO OWN A HEAP LIKE THAT!

YEAH!-- WELL, C'MON! LET'S GO SEE ANGELPUSS NOW!



HI, ANGELPUSS! JIM AND I CAME OVER TO SEE WHAT WE CATS COULD DREAM UP TO GET OUR KICKS T'DAY!

SWELL, COOKIE BABY!

HMPH!



O'TOOLE, I'VE DECIDED YOU'RE NOT TO SEE ANGELPUSS **ANYMORE!**

WHAT?? HOLY COW, WHAT'D I DO, MR. WITHERSPOON?

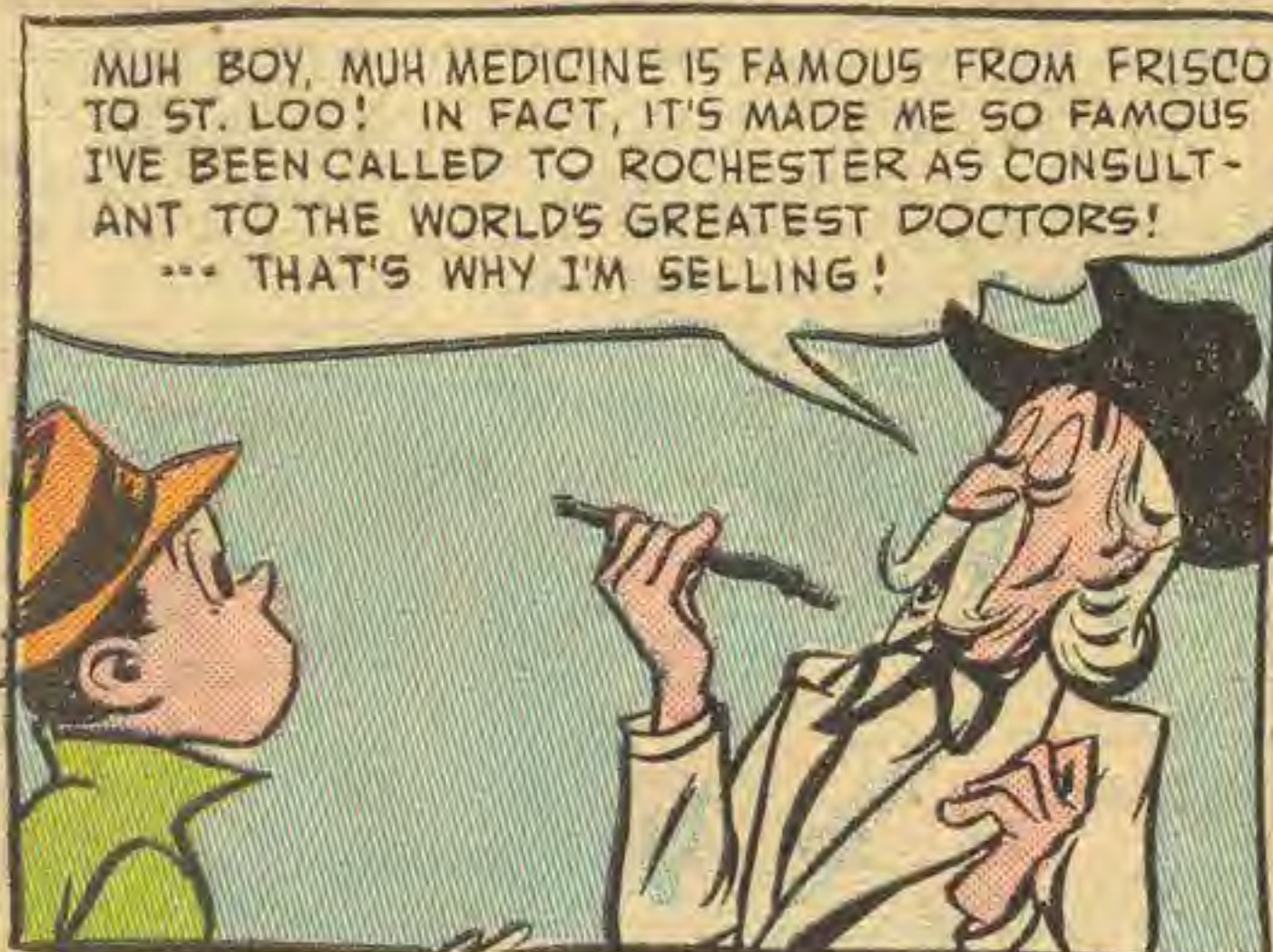
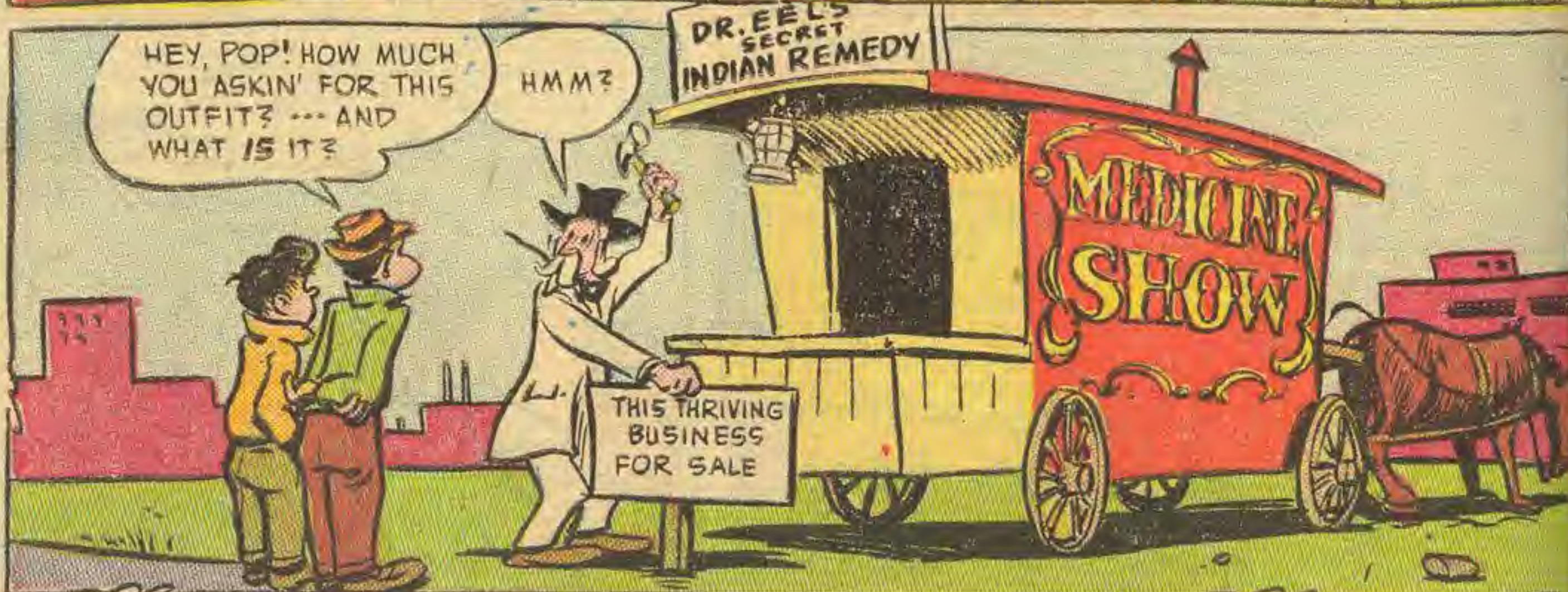


IT'S WHAT YOU **DIDN'T** DO! YOU TEEN-AGE KIDS TODAY ARE A BUNCH OF SHIFTLESS **DEADWOOD!** ALL YOU THINK ABOUT IS HAVING A GOOD TIME! I DON'T WANT MY DAUGHTER ASSOCIATING WITH SOMEONE WHO LACKS AMBITION!

BUT JEEPERS, SIR! I'M NOT EVEN OUTA HIGH SCHOOL YET!









HERE YA ARE, FOLKS--THE **WONDER** MEDICINE OF THE YEAR! IT'S AN ANCIENT REMEDY DISCOVERED BY THE CHIEF'S RELATIVES 5 CENTURIES AGO! ONE DOLLAR! ONE BUCK IS ALL!

I'LL TAKE ONE!



YES, MA'AM! ONE DOLLAR, PLEASE!

WOW! WE'VE SOLD THREE BOTTLES ALREADY!



YOU! YOU SELL-A-ME DEES STOFF YESTER-DAY, AND EET NO GOOD! ME WANT MY MONEY A-BACK!

HUH? YOU MUST BE **MISTAKEN**, MISTER! THIS STUFF CURES EVERYTHING! THE DOCTOR WE BOUGHT IT FROM SAID SO!



EET'S A FAKE! I WANT MY MONEY!

BUT WE DIDNT SELL IT TO YA--THE **OLD** OWNER DID! ---COLLECT FROM HIM!

YOU SAME OWNER! I RECOGNIZE THE INDIAN!



HALP! POLICE! ARREST THEEZ-A CROOKS! HALP!

HOLY HANNAH! HERE COME THE COPS! WHAT'RE WE GONNA DO?

GET OUTA HERE!... HANG ON, BOY!



POLICE! HALP! COFF! GLUB!

GIDDAP, TRIGGER! WE'RE LEAVIN' TOWN!



WELL **THIS** FIXES MY WAGON **GOOD**! THAT MEDICINE IS A **PHONY**--WE'RE OUT **27 BUCKS**, AND THE **COPS** ARE AFTER US! --- IF ANGEL'S POP HEARS **THIS** I'LL **NEVER** SEE HER AGAIN!

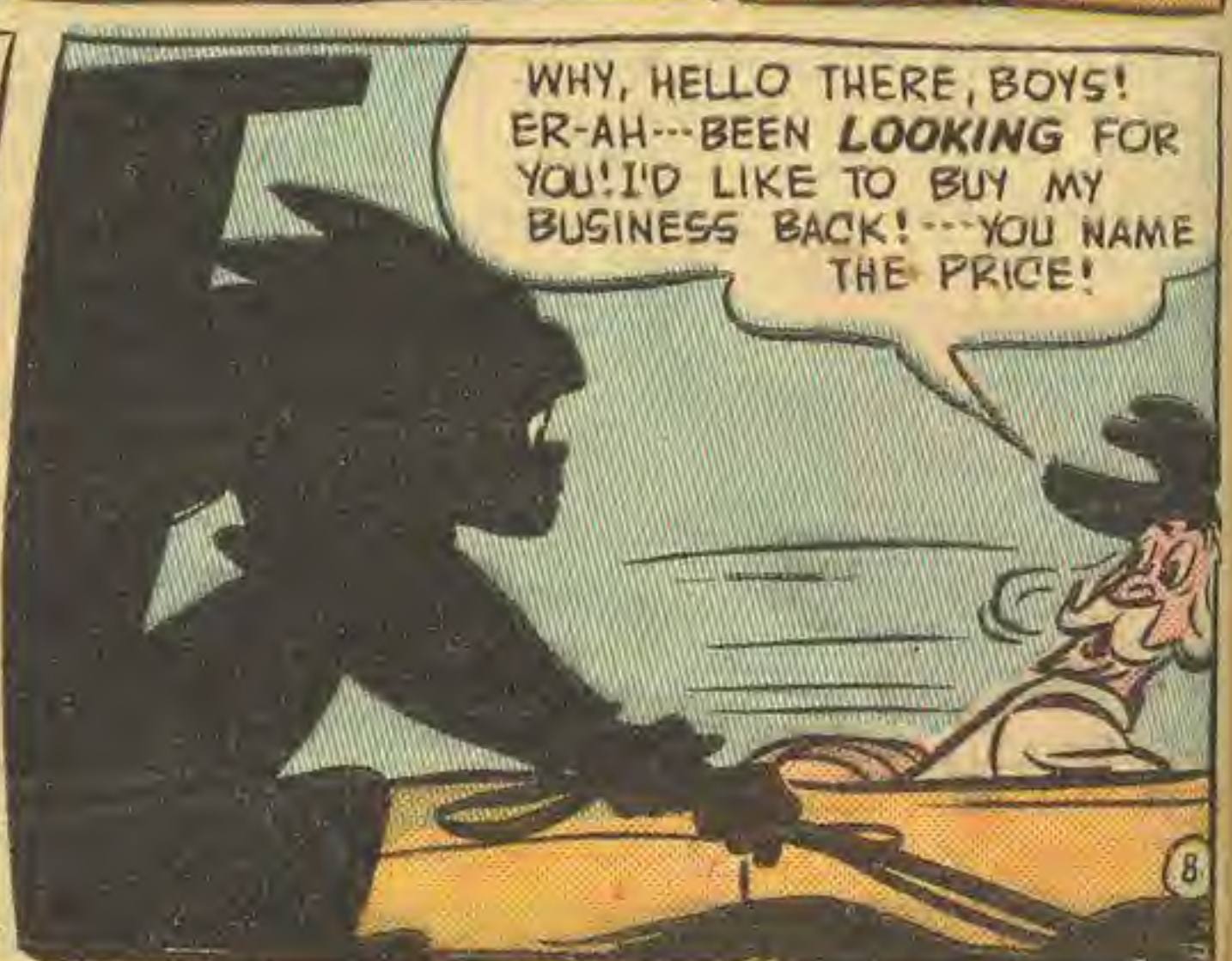
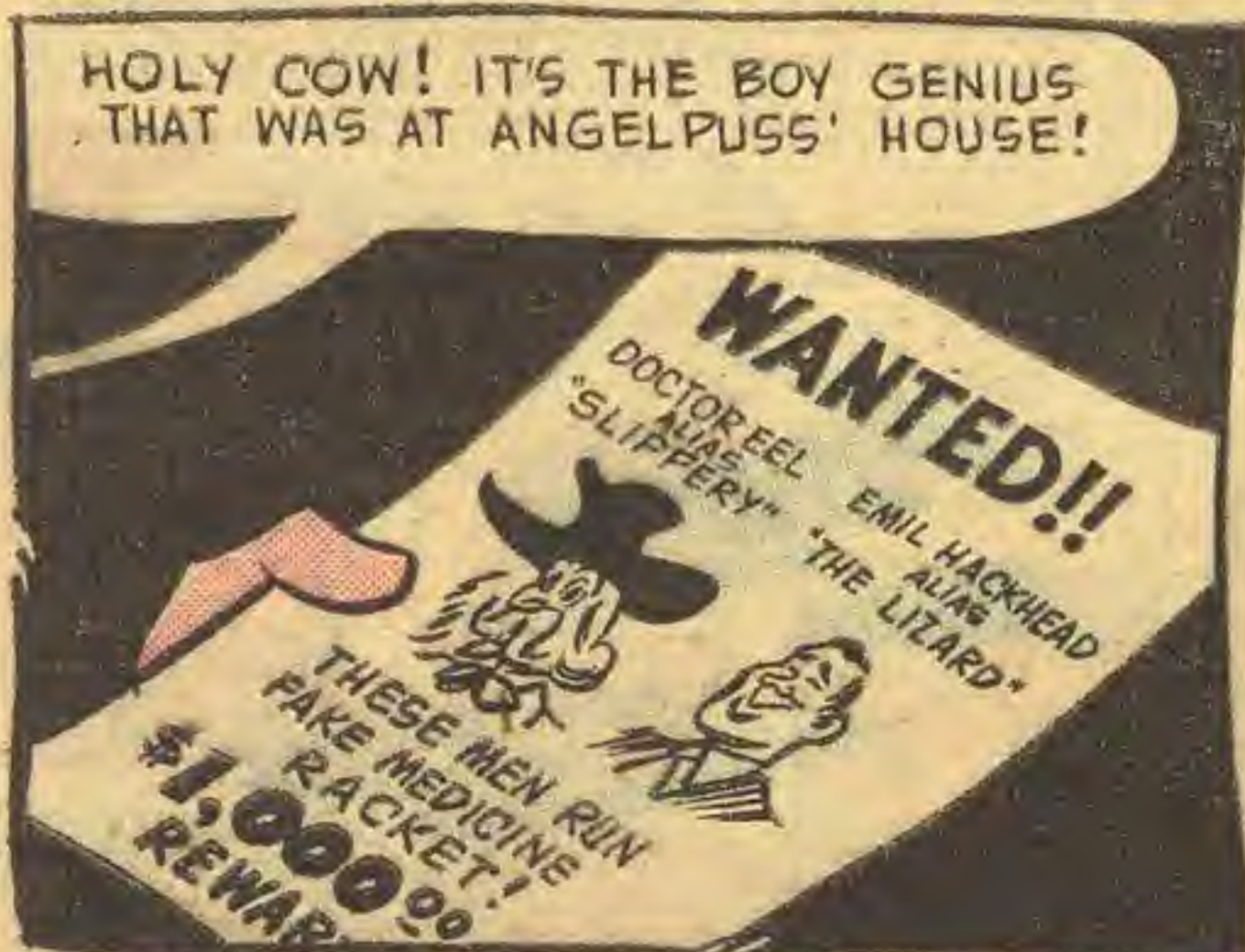
MAYBE WE CAN GET OUTA TOWN AND **JUNK** THIS RIG BEFORE THEY CATCH US!



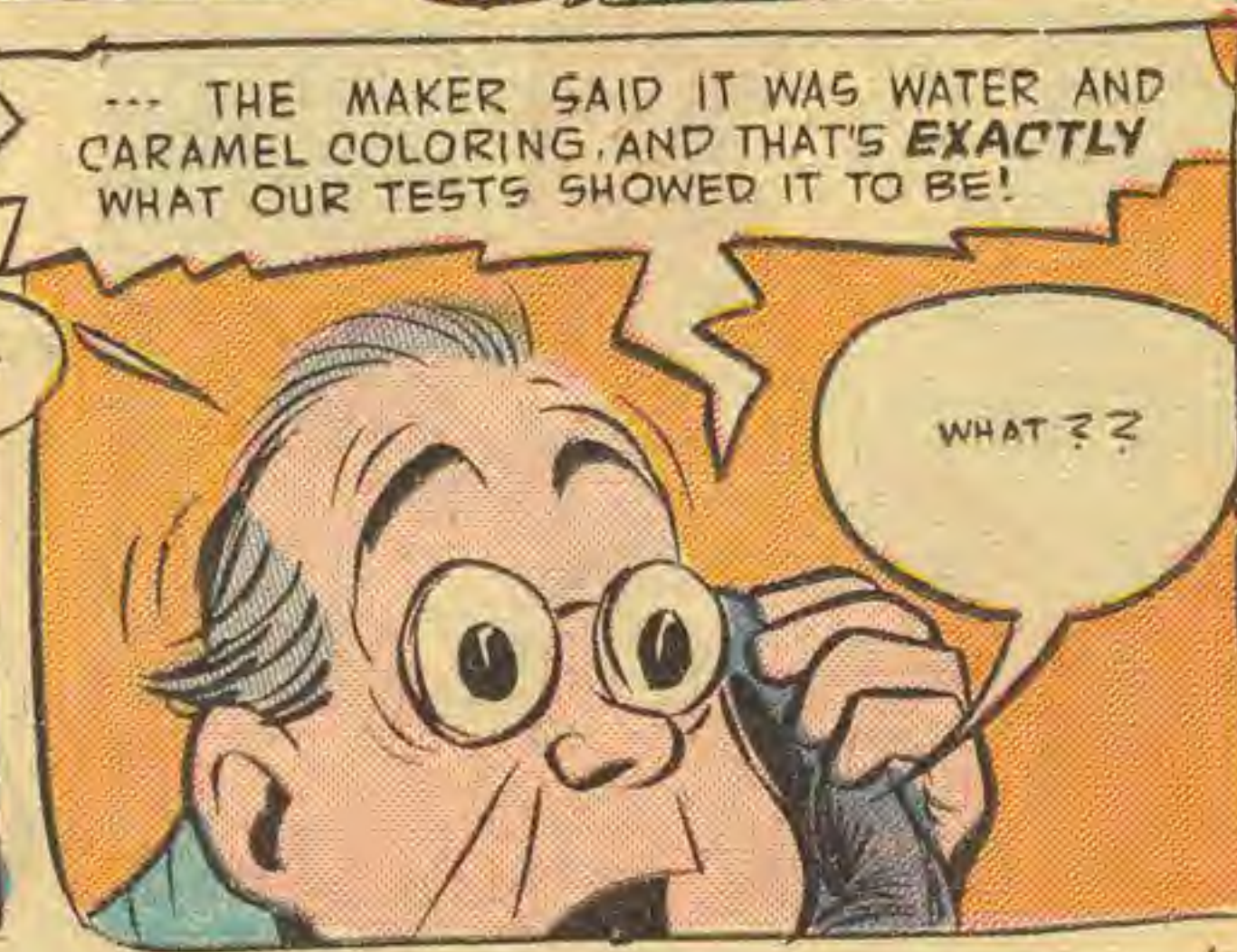
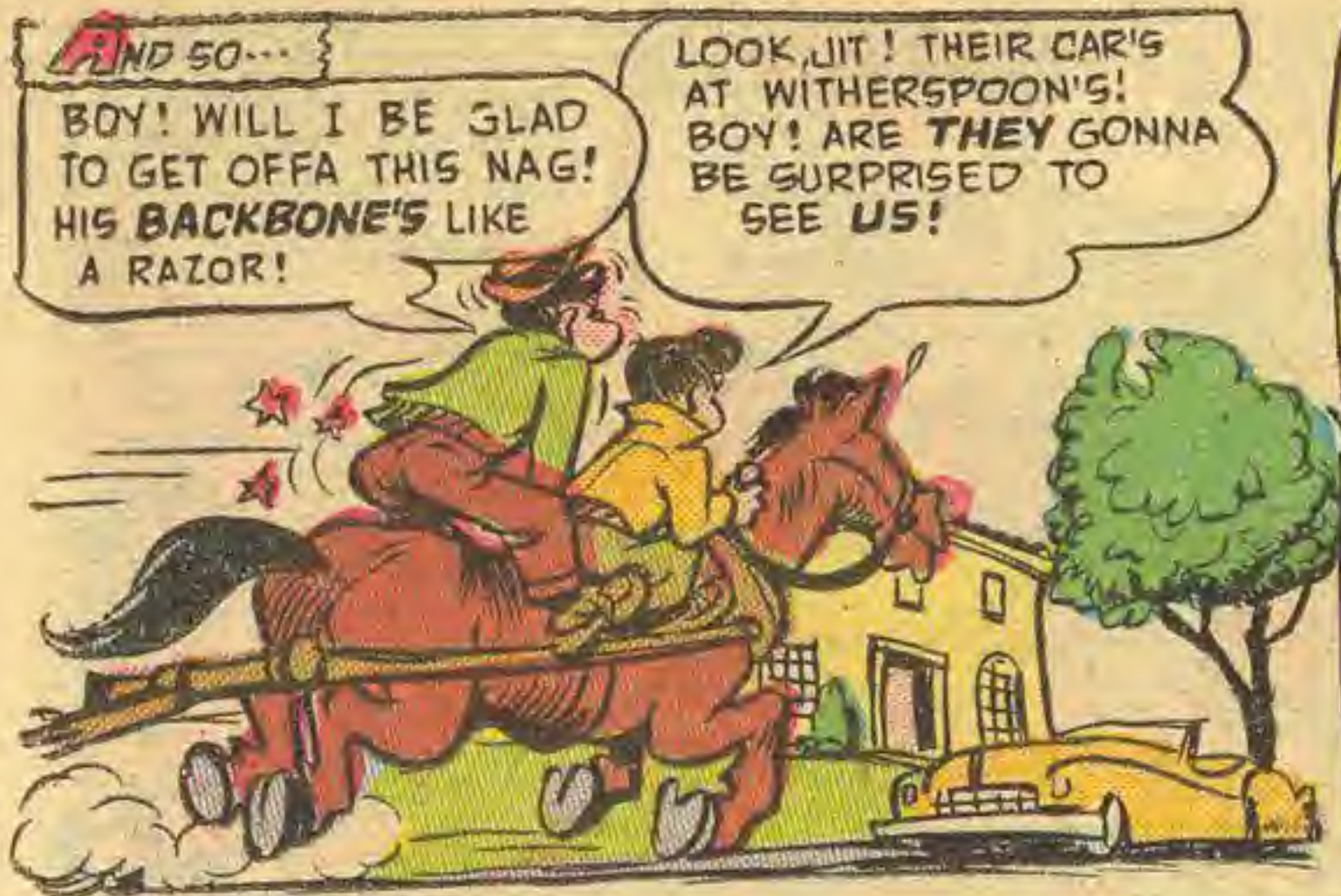
MEANWHILE---

ALL SET, LIZARD! I SOLD THE WHOLE SHEBANG TO A KID NAMED O'TOOLE! MADE A COOL 20---

WHAT? YE GODS! THAT KID WAS AT WITHERSPOON'S TODAY! HE **SAW ME**!







the "POPSICLE" KIDS SAVE THE DAY

WOW! WE ALMOST FORGOT MOM AND POP'S WEDDING ANNIVERSARY!

IT'S NEXT WEEK AND I DON'T HAVE MUCH MONEY FOR A GIFT!

I GOT IT! WE'LL USE THE "POPSICLE" GIANT GIFT LIST!

TERRIFIC IDEA!

TESS AND TIM SOLVE A BIG GIFT PROBLEM

HERE'S A BEAUTIFUL PLASTIC APRON FOR MOM... A HUNTING KNIFE FOR DAD!

I'LL COUNT OUR BAGS!

THE BIG DAY

MY, WHAT A LOVELY APRON!

AND LOOK AT THIS SWELL HUNTING KNIFE!

SAVED BY THE BAGS WITH THE POLKA DOTS, EH KIDS?

YOU SAID IT! AND THESE "POPSICLE" GIFTS ARE SWELL PRESENTS FOR ANY OCCASION, FOR ANYONE, TOO!

GET SWELL GIFTS...SAVE BAGS WITH POLKA DOTS!

...or any "un-a-stick" confection bag that reads: "POPSICLE PETE" & "SAVE THESE BAGS FOR GIFTS"



#15 TEA APRON
Beautiful vinyl plastic apron. Hand painted flower design. Ideal for Mother, daughter, sister. State choice of Kelly Green, Yellow or Royal Blue.
235 BAGS or 50¢ & 15 BAGS

#11 HUNTING KNIFE
Sturdy, precision-built with beautiful carved handle. 5" steel blade. leather sheath attaches to your belt.
200 BAGS or 55¢ & 25 BAGS

#116 BASEBALL EMBLEM SET
1 Large & 1 small emblem of your favorite National or American League team. Swell for jacket, cap, State team.
40 BAGS or 10¢ & 5 BAGS

GET THESE VALUABLE GIFTS and many more... ask for **GIANT GIFT LIST FREE** at your Ice Cream Store... or write to **"POPSICLE PETE"** at address nearest you

Address **"POPSICLE PETE"**
Dept. C, Box 678, N. Y. 46, N. Y.
2856 East 11 St., Los Angeles 23, Cal.
313 N. Highland Ave., N. E., Atlanta, Ga.

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HOT ROD HARRY

HM! SHE'S **FAST**, BUT **NOT** FAST ENOUGH! THINK I'LL PUT ON ANOTHER JUICE-POT! *

ROAR!

* CARBURETOR

THERE! NOW I'LL TRY 'ER AGAIN!

SHUCKS! **STILL** NOT AS HOT AS I WANT IT! ... **THIS** TIME I'M SHOOTIN' THE WORKS! NEW HEADS, MANIFOLD, FULL RACE CAM, SUPERCHARGER, AND ANYTHING ELSE I CAN THINK OF! I'LL MAKE A BOMB* OUT OF THIS ROD YET!

* BOMB = FAST CAR

SEVERAL HOURS LATER...

WELL, HERE, GOES!

ROAR!

PERFECT! **NOW** ALL I HAVE TA DO, IS FIGURE A WAY TA GO ALONG WITH IT!

THE END!
1

STARLET O'HARA

in Hollywood







HEY, MAC! OPEN THE GATE! WE'RE LEAVING THIS FLICKER FACTORY! WE JUST QUIT!

NO KIDDIN'!



OKAY, GIRLS, I'LL OPEN THE GATE, BUT YOU CAN'T GO ON OUT FOR A WHILE! YOU'LL HAVE TO STAND HERE WITH ME!

HUH? GOOD GRAVY, WHY??

YEAH! WHAT IS THIS-- A CONCENTRATION CAMP?



NO, BUT THE PUBLICITY DEPARTMENT HAS THE SIDEWALK BLOCKED OFF! THEY'VE GOT A BUNCH OF CAMERA BOYS SET TO TAKE STILL PICTURES OF THE ARRIVAL OF MIRACLE'S NEW FOREIGN STAR, RANDY VOUS, AND **NOBODY'S** ALLOWED OUT THERE BUT STUDIO GUARDS AND OFFICIALS!



HOLY COW! WHY NOT, MAC? WE'RE JUST GOING DOWN TO THE CORNER FOR THE BUS! WE'VE NO INTENTION OF STANDIN' AROUND TO

OGLE THE JERK!

I KNOW, BUT THEY DON'T KNOW WHEN HE'LL ARRIVE-- AND WHEN HE DOES, THEY'VE GOTTA GET THEIR PICTURES FAST!



I'M SORRY, GALS! YOU'LL HAVE TO STAY BACK THERE BEHIND THE ROPES!

OH, FINE! WE MIGHT BE STUCK HERE ALL DAY!



YEAH, BUT AT LEAST THE STUDIO PAID US FOR THE WHOLE DAY, FRITZI!

SURE, BUT WE'VE GOTTA FIND ANOTHER JOB, AND THE SOONER THE BETTER!

GULP! THAT'S RIGHT!



HEY! I'VE GOT IT! I KNOW HOW WE CAN GET OUT OF THIS HASSEL, AND RIGHT NOW!

IF YOU DON'T MIND, I'LL SKIP IT! I'VE HAD EXPERIENCE WITH YOUR IDEAS BEFORE!



AW, NOW LISTEN, STARLET, THIS IS A PERFECT ANGLE! DIDN'T MAC SAY ONLY OFFICIALS AND STUDIO GUARDS COULD GO ROAMIN' AROUND?

SURE, SO WHAT?

SO WE'LL BE STUDIO GUARDS! --LADY STUDIO GUARDS!



BUT...
BUT
HOW?

I'LL SHOW YA HOW! THERE ARE
SOME EXTRA STUDIO
POLICEMEN'S HATS IN
HERE, SO I GRAB
'EM! LIKE
SO!



NOW PUT THE BADGE ON THE BACK
OF THE HAT... THEN PUT THE HAT
ON **BACKWARDS**
SO THE BADGE IS
IN FRONT! THEN
CRUSH IT
DOWN!

YA
MEAN
LIKE
THIS?

YEAH-- NOW
LET'S
GO!



AWRIGHT! BACK UP,
BOYS! ONE SIDE!
ONE SIDE!



LOOK! HE'S ARRIVING! IT'S THE NEW STAR,
RANDY VOUG! START SNAPPIN'
THOSE SHUTTERS,
BOYS!

HOLY COW!
I CAN'T
SEE!

POP!

POP!

POP!



OOPS!

BONK!

POP!



©★!?!@!!!

THOSE GIRLS
FOULED UP
THE WHOLE
DEAL!

SORRY,
SIR!



So, sometime later--

WELL, WE MADE IT, STARLET!
HERE WE ARE SAFE
AND SOUND
BACK IN OUR
LITTLE ROOM
IN THE
STUDIO
CLUB!

YEAH, WE--
HOLY HANNAH!
--I JUST THOUGHT
OF SOMETHING!
IF ANYBODY
RECOGNIZED US
WE'RE GONNA
BE IN A
JAM!



WHY?

WE NOT ONLY IMPERSONATED
OFFICERS -- BUT WE--WE
TOOK THESE HATS WITHOUT
ER-- AH-- PERMISSION!

Meanwhile, at the Studio--

NOT ONE PICTURE CAME OUT RIGHT EXCEPT THIS ONE WITH THE GIRL IN IT! WELL, NOTHING TO DO EXCEPT RUN IT IN THE PAPERS! THE PUBLIC'S WAITING TO SEE WHAT OUR NEW STAR LOOKS LIKE!



And two days later--

YE GODS, CHIEF! WE'VE GOT OVER 5,000 LETTERS ON THAT PICTURE WE RAN IN THE PAPERS, BUT GET THIS-- THEY'RE ALL INQUIRIES ABOUT THAT GIRL! NOT OUR STAR!



WHAT'S MORE, THEY'RE ALL FROM WOMEN! AND THEY ALL SAY THE SAME THING! "WHO'S THE GIRL IN THE PICTURE? PLEASE PUBLISH HER NAME SO I CAN WRITE TO HER!"

SAM, WE'VE GOT TO FIND HER! THAT GIRL IS A NATURAL BOX OFFICE ATTRACTION! WE'LL MAKE HER A STAR! SHE'LL MAKE US MONEY!



SURE, CHIEF, SURE! BUT HOW DO WE FIND HER? HOW?

SHOW HER PICTURE TO EVERYBODY IN THE STUDIO! MAYBE SOMEBODY KNOWS HER! NOW GET GOING! I WANT THAT GIRL!



So, hours later--

SURE, I KNOW HER! IT'S STARLET O'HARA! SHE USED TO WORK HERE, BUT SHE QUIT THE OTHER DAY-- LIVES AT THE STUDIO CLUB!

COME ON, MAC! WE'VE GOT TO GET THAT GIRL!



Later still--

GULP! STILL NO JOBS! AND WE MUSTA WALKED 50 MILES AROUND THIS TOWN!

RAP! RAP!



WELL! AT LAST, WE'VE FOUND YOU!

YE-III! FRITZI, OUT THE WINDOW! THEY'VE FOUND OUT ABOUT US!



COME BACK HERE, GIRLIE! NOW THAT I'VE FOUND YOU, YOU'RE COMING WITH ME!





SO, SOME TIME LATER--



STARLET! STARLET! I SNEAKED IN TO TELL YOU I'LL CONFESS TO EVERYTHING!

HUH? FORGET IT, FRITZI! -- ALL THEY WANTED ME FOR WAS TO MAKE ME A STAR!

NEXT DAY--

JUST AS SOON AS WE FIND OUT WHAT REACTION THERE WAS TO YOUR PICTURE IN THE PAPER, WE'LL SIGN A CONTRACT, STARLET!

CHIEF! A CARLOAD OF LETTERS JUST ARRIVED, AND ALL ADDRESSED TO STARLET O'HARA!



AND THIS IS WHAT EVERY SINGLE ONE OF THEM SAID--" DEAR MISS O'HARA, WHERE DID YOU GET THAT DARLING HAT YOU WERE WEARING?"



WHA-- !!! WELL, FOR--

SORRY, MISS, BUT THIS HAS ALL BEEN A MISTAKE! APPARENTLY THEY WEREN'T INTERESTED IN YOU! IT WAS THAT HAT YOU WERE WEARING!

GOSH, THERE GOES MY BIG MOVIE STAR DEAL! GULP! AND I DON'T EVEN HAVE ANY JOB TO GO TO!



NOW DON'T LET THAT WORRY YOU! TO SHOW YOU HOW SORRY WE ARE FOR CAUSING THIS TROUBLE, WE'LL GIVE YOU AND YOUR FRIEND A JOB IN OUR MAILROOM!

WHAT?! WHY, WE JUST QUIT DOWN THERE! WE WOULDN'T WORK FOR THAT MISS OLSON AND HER GOON-GIRL NIECE FOR A MILLION BUCKS!



MISS OLSON? WHY, MISS OLSON ISN'T WITH US ANYMORE! SHE QUIT YESTERDAY!

HUH? QUIT? WHY??



BECAUSE KRONKITE HAS JUST MADE HER NIECE A STAR! SAYS SHE'S PERFECT FOR A NEW SERIES CALLED "FRANKENSTEIN'S DAUGHTER"! MISS OLSON IS GOING TO BE HER MANAGER!

WELL, I'LL BE--



AND SO LATER...

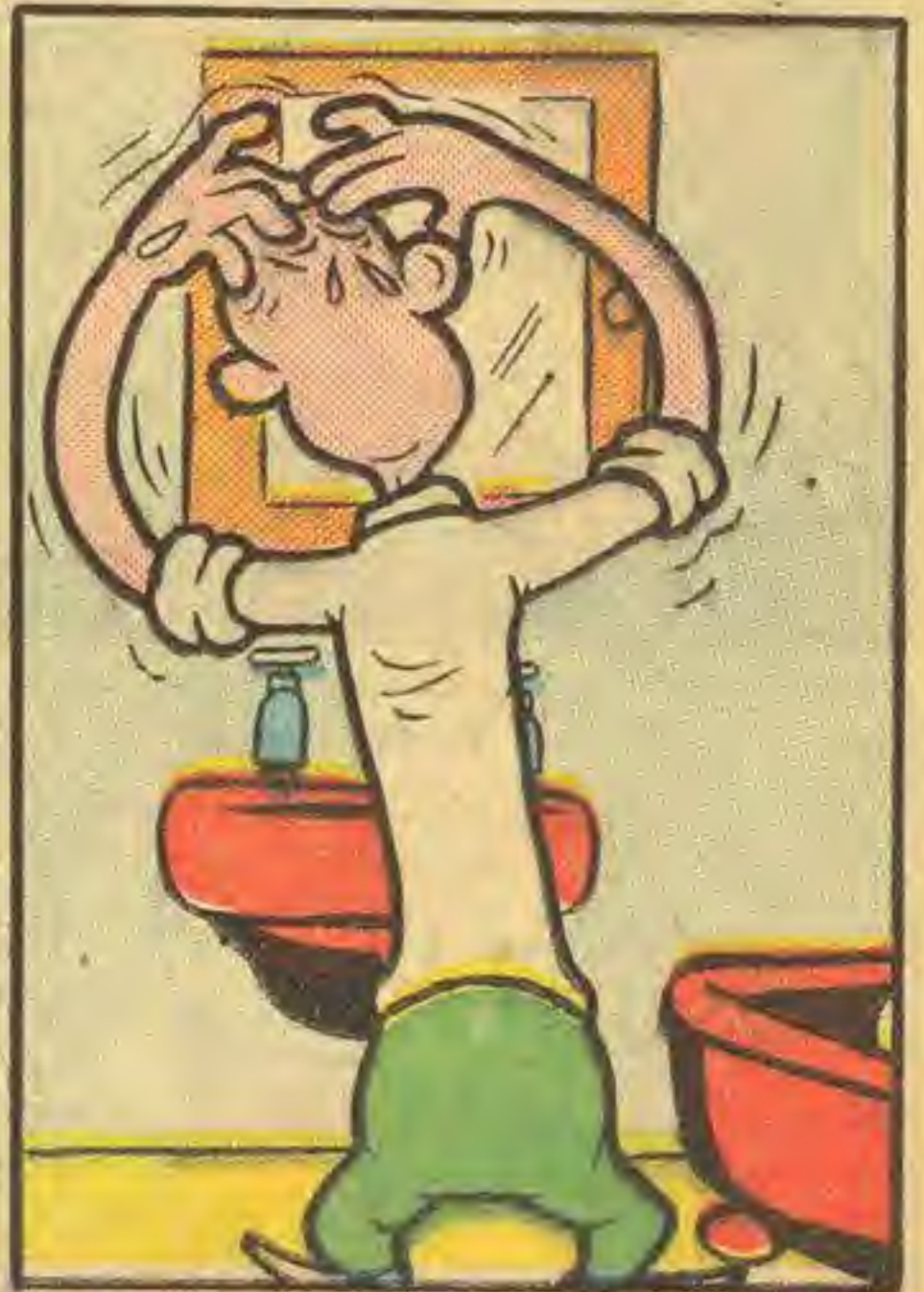
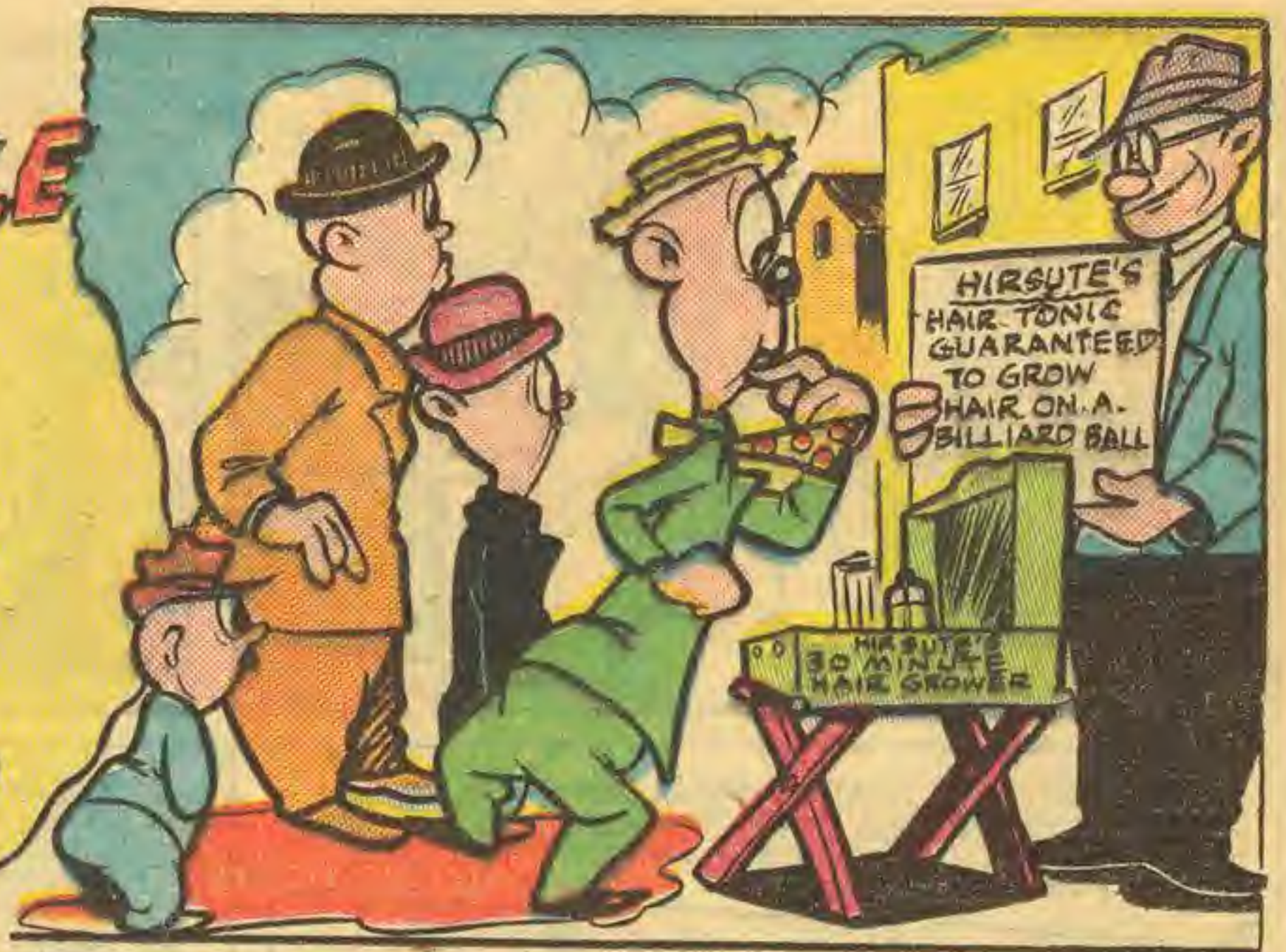
THIS HASSEL DIDN'T TURN OUT SO BAD, FRITZI! I'M THE NEW HEAD OF THE MAILROOM!

YEAH! AND LORD AND TAYLOR PAID ME A THOUSAND BUCKS FOR MY POLICE HAT DESIGN! -- WE DIDN'T DO BAD!



THE END 7

Windy M. GONIGLE



Cookie "CALAMITY" O'Toole!

THE O'TOOLE HOUSEHOLD was wrapped in the dark silence of slumber, for it was well past midnight. It seemed that nothing could disturb the serenity of that quiet little house, so snug and comfortable, so peacefully at rest!

But who was *that*? A shadowy figure seemed to run up the front steps, to pause at the front door, and then, cautiously, soundlessly, to let itself into the house! Noiselessly, it glided from the front hall into the living room! And then...

"*Drat!*" Pop O'Toole exclaimed as his shinbone came into violent contact with something as he switched on the lights. "Why doesn't someone tell me the furniture's going to be moved around?"

Rubbing his aching leg, Pop moved wearily to the desk. "It's bad enough, having to work so late, what with conferences and tough clients! But we've got this one sold! Now, if only we can get him to sign these contracts tomorrow..." Here, Pop yawned. It was very late and he was so sleepy. Worn and weary, he attempted to read the all-important contracts over again, but his eyes insisted on closing. "Oh, I'll do it tomorrow!" he decided, tossing the contracts on the desk. "Right now, all I'm good for is sleep!"

The sun rose the following morning to shine on the usual spectacle of Cookie O'Toole, *almost* late for school! For Cookie would rush through dressing and slicking his hair, and then read a thrilling chapter in an exciting western. Then Mom's voice might be heard, "Cookie! It's almost nine!"

A fast breakfast and Cookie became a whirlwind of energy and anxiety, bent on beating the school bell to the punch! This morning being no exception, Cookie gathered his textbooks and notebooks from the desk in one hurried gesture and swept out of the house like a cyclone.

And like a cyclone, he left destruction in his wake! One hour later, still yawning, Pop came downstairs to breakfast. "I'll look over those contracts while I'm having my coffee, dear," he said to his wife as he reached towards the desk. "Urch!" That last was a choking sound. "My contracts! Where are they! Who took 'em? I put 'em here last night, I *swear* I did! Get the police! Call the fire engines! Ring for an ambulance! Don't just *stand* there!"

"Calm yourself, dear," Mrs. O'Toole smiled. "Can't you see what's happened? Cookie had his books on the desk last night! He probably picked your contracts, along with his school things, and they're all safe and sound in school right now!"

"I'm expecting that client this morning!" Mr. O'Toole was almost hysterical. "I know what! I'll dash to the office, so as not to be late! Then I'll phone the school and have 'em send Cookie over with the contracts! Ohhhhh..." And another cyclone rushed from the house!

Thus it was that Cookie O'Toole, innocent of any contracts, sat in the English class that morning, admiring Angel Witherspoon's profile. Jitterbuck Jones was reciting, and pretty awful it was! Suddenly, the classroom door opened to admit a messenger, who whispered into the teacher's ear. And the teacher, interrupting Jit's recitation, said, "Cookie O'Toole, you're wanted in the Principal's office!"

Automatically, Cookie arose and left the room. If the Principal wanted to see him, of *course* he would... Cookie suddenly paled. "Why does he wanta see me?" he asked himself, as he walked down the school corridor. "Why does he wanta see *me*?"

As he neared the Principal's dread door, the answers came to him in droves! It could be any one of a number of things! "Maybe...maybe he

found out who took the goldfish outta the lab...an' put 'em in th' swimming pool!" Cookie conjectured. "Or the curtain business! Maybe...maybe somebody told him who rang the auditorium curtain down on his head, in assembly last week! Or...or...maybe he figured out who hid the math exam papers, the night before the exam!"

The more Cookie thought about it, the more reasons he found for the Principal's summons. And the more reasons he found, the less anxious he was to face the Principal! Nervously, he envisioned the stern questions, his stammered answers, the dire punishment that would be meted out! And *there* was the Principal's door, right up ahead of him!

"No! I *won't* go in there!" Cookie sobbed. "I'd rather be a wanderer or a hermit or...or...anything!" There was an exit handy, and Cookie took it! A quick right turn and he was in the street, moving away from the school as fast as he could go. "I'll leave town an' never come back! I can't disgrace my family! What would Angelpuss think of me?"

And behind him, the Principal was saying into the phone, "I can't understand it, Mr. O'Toole! He *should* have been here by this time! Yes, I know he was in the classroom..."

And behind Mr. O'Toole, an angry client was shouting, "I tell you, O'Toole, my time is valuable! If those contracts aren't here in a short time, I'm *leaving*!"

No, Cookie knew nothing of this as he journeyed towards the outskirts of town, a lonely wanderer on the face of the earth! "I'll never come back!" he vowed, his jaw firm but his eyes filled with tears...

Again and again, Mr. O'Toole called the principal! Again and again, the Principal sent for Cookie! And again and again, the client threatened to

leave Mr. O'Toole's office! Things had become desperately critical!

Jumping with nervousness, Mr. O'Toole did the only thing he could think of! He picked up his phone once more and called Police Headquarters! Ten minutes later, sirens screamed through town, and people craned their necks to see what the trouble was. Cookie, on the outskirts of town, craned his neck, too...and found it encircled by the large hand of a policeman!

"You Cookie O'Toole?"

"Y...yessir!"

"Come along with us, young fella!"

"They've found out everything!"

Cookie trembled at his thoughts. "They're gonna arrest me an' give me a trial an' throw me in jail..." But the Police car did not stop at the school, at all! Hey, this is where Pop works!" Cookie exclaimed.

Into the office he was ushered, with Pop yelling, "*There* you are!" and Cookie exclaiming, "It didn't hurt the goldfish, Pop!" and the important client yelling, "I've got to get *out* of here!"

"Oh, no you don't!" that was a policeman speaking, as he barred the door. "You look mighty like Harry Harper, a fancy con-man who's wanted for a couple of business swindles!"

"It's Harper, all right!" said another Policeman. "Fancy crook!"

Pop O'Toole turned white, red and white again as Harry Harper was hauled out of his office. "Omigosh!" he cried. "If he'd signed those contracts...that crook...I'd be bankrupt... Cookie, you're a...a..."

"I know, Pop!" Cookie said unhappily. "I'm a burden, I guess!"

"A burden!" Pop squealed happily. "You're a *genius*! A chip off the old block, meaning *me*! You may have the day off, my boy, and here's the where-withal to enjoy it!" He slipped a ten-dollar bill into Cookie's hand.

"My son!" Mr. O'Toole said proudly!

"COOKIE"





LOOK, YA NITWIT, QUIT EMBARRASSIN' ME!
HE'S SAYING "WILLING"! ARE YOU WILLING
TO BE HYPNOTIZED?

OH! WELL,
SURE! SURE,
COOKIE!



FINE! VE COMMENZE! -- VATCH DIS MIRROR!--
KEEP DER EYES ON IT, UND SHLEEP--
SHLEEP-- **SHLEEP!**

SLEEP! SLEEP!
SHLEEP!



SHTOODENTS, OPZERVE DAT DER SUBJECTS ARE
NOW IN A STATE OF HYPNOSIS, UND I AM
READY TO PROCEED!



I VILL NOW DEMONSHTRATE DER AMAZING
POWER DER **MIND** HASS OFER DER **BODY**!
--BOYS, ATTENTION!--YOU ARE BOTH SHTOKERS
IN DER HOLD OF A SHTEAMSHIP! IT'S **HOT**!
YOU'RE SHOVELING UND SHOVELING TO
KEEP UP DER SHTEAM!



PLEASE NOTE HOW DER PERSPIRATION POURS
FROM DEM LIKE VATER ALDOUGH DEY ARE
ACTUALLY DOING **NODDING** PHYSICALLY,
UND IT ISS **COOL** IN HERE!



DIS ISS A PERFECT EGGZAMPLE OF DER POWER
OF SUGGESTION AT WORK! DEIR MINDS SAY IT
ISS HOT LIKE IN DER BOILER ROOM OF A
SHIP, ZO DER BODY REACTS LIKE ZO!-- SEE
DER MUSCLES SHTRAIN AS IF UNDER SHTRESS
OF LIFTING A SHOVEL OF COAL, ALDOUGH
DEY DO NOD EVEN HAFF SHOVELS!



BUT VE VILL GIVE DEM A REST, JA? DEY
ARE VORKING **TOO HARD**! HEH-HEH!
--BOYS! YOUR SHIP IS IN **PORT** NOW!--
YOU ARE ON **SHORE**, HAFFING DINNER,
RELAXING-- HAFFING FUN!



NOTE HOW DEY ARE **PERFECTLY** AT EASE AL-
DOUGH NOD EVEN SIDDING ON CHAIRS-- ALZO
HOW DEY ARE ENCHOYING DER MEAL CHUST
LIKE IT VASS REAL!



UND NOW FOR DER LAST EGGZAMPLE OF DER POWER OF SUGGESTION WHILE IN DER HYPNOTIC SHTATE, I VILL SHOW HOW DER EMOTION OF ANXIETY CAN BE INDUCED BY DER MERE SUGGESTION OF A PROBLEM! -- BOYS! YOUR SHIP IS AT PIER 6 UND ABOUT TO SAIL VIDDODT YOU! YOU HAFF ONLY TEN MINUTES TO GET TO IT!



at THAT MOMENT FATE STEPS IN ---



NOD ONLY DO YOU HAFF TO BE BACK IN TEN MINUTES, BUT YOU MUST ALZO BE IN YOUR BUNKS UND ASHLEEP BY DEN!

Was ist das?

CLANG!
CLANG!
CLANG!



IT'S THE FIRE ALARM!

THE SCHOOL'S ON FIRE!

REMEMBER OUR FIRE DRILLS! GET OUT QUICKLY AND ORDERLY!

CLANG!
CLANG!



AUDITORIUM

DOUBLE FILE, EVERYONE! OUT THE FRONT ENTRANCE, QUICKLY!

MR. OLSEN! WAIT! WAIT! IT'S A FALSE ALARM! I ACCIDENTLY BROKE THE ALARM BOX WITH MY MOP HANDLE!



VO IST DER FIRE? HIMMEL! DON'T SHTAND AROUND! GED OUDT! GED OUDT!

I'M SORRY, PROFESSOR, IT WAS A FALSE ALARM! I APOLOGIZE FOR THIS INTERRUPTION IN YOUR LECTURE!

SO, 20 MINUTES LATER--

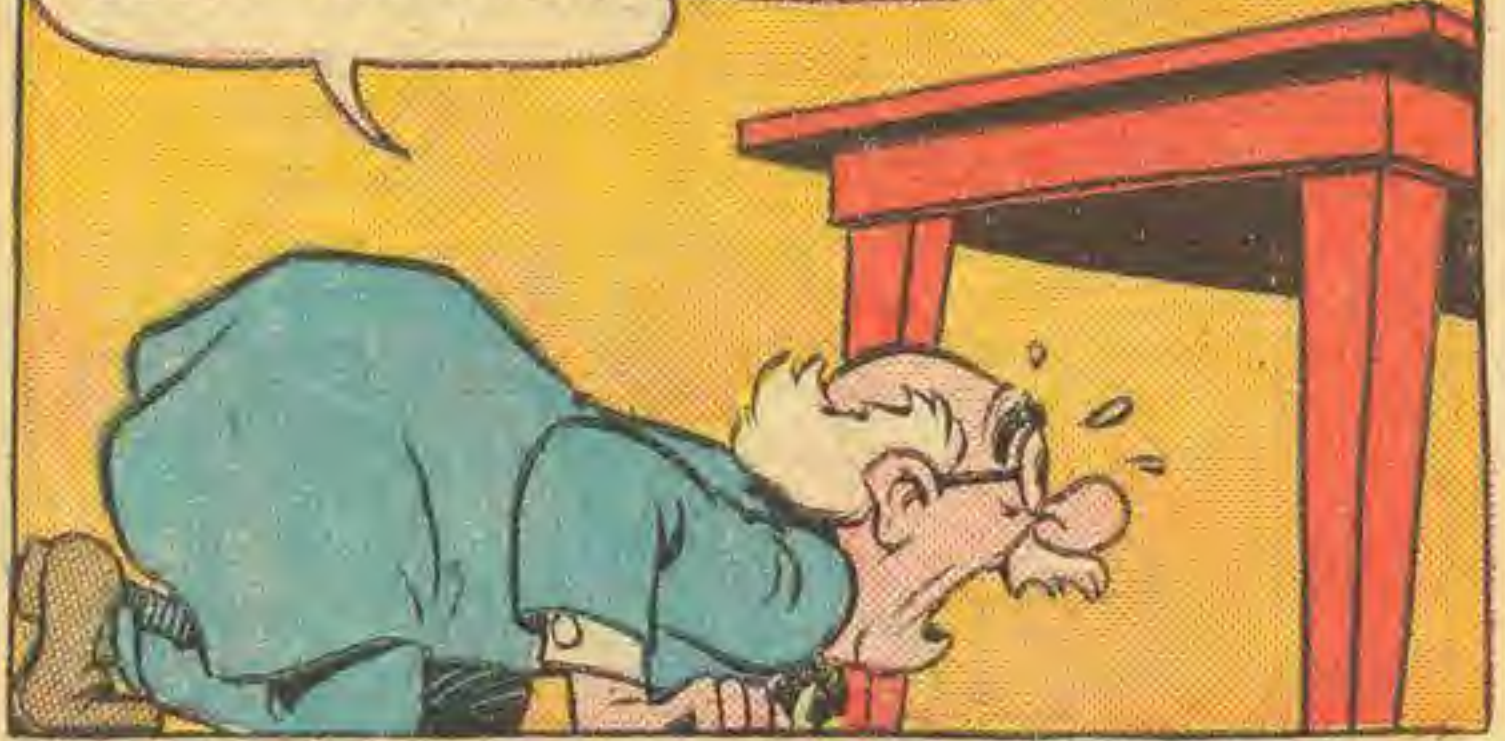
NOW DOT EVERYBODY ISS SEADED IN DER SEADS AGAIN, I VILL RETURN TO DER LECTURE! LED'S SEE-- VHERE VASS I? OH, YES! I---



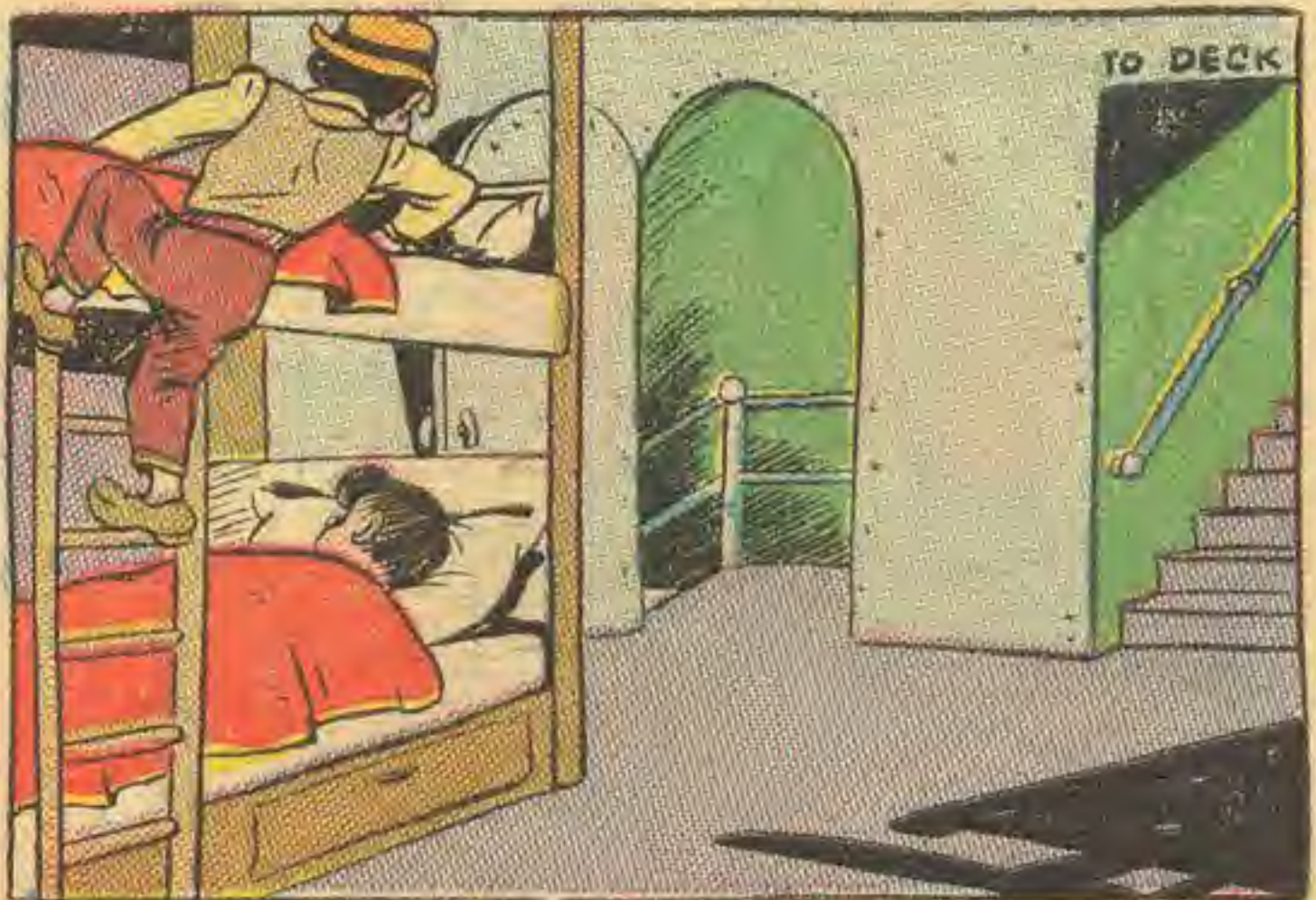
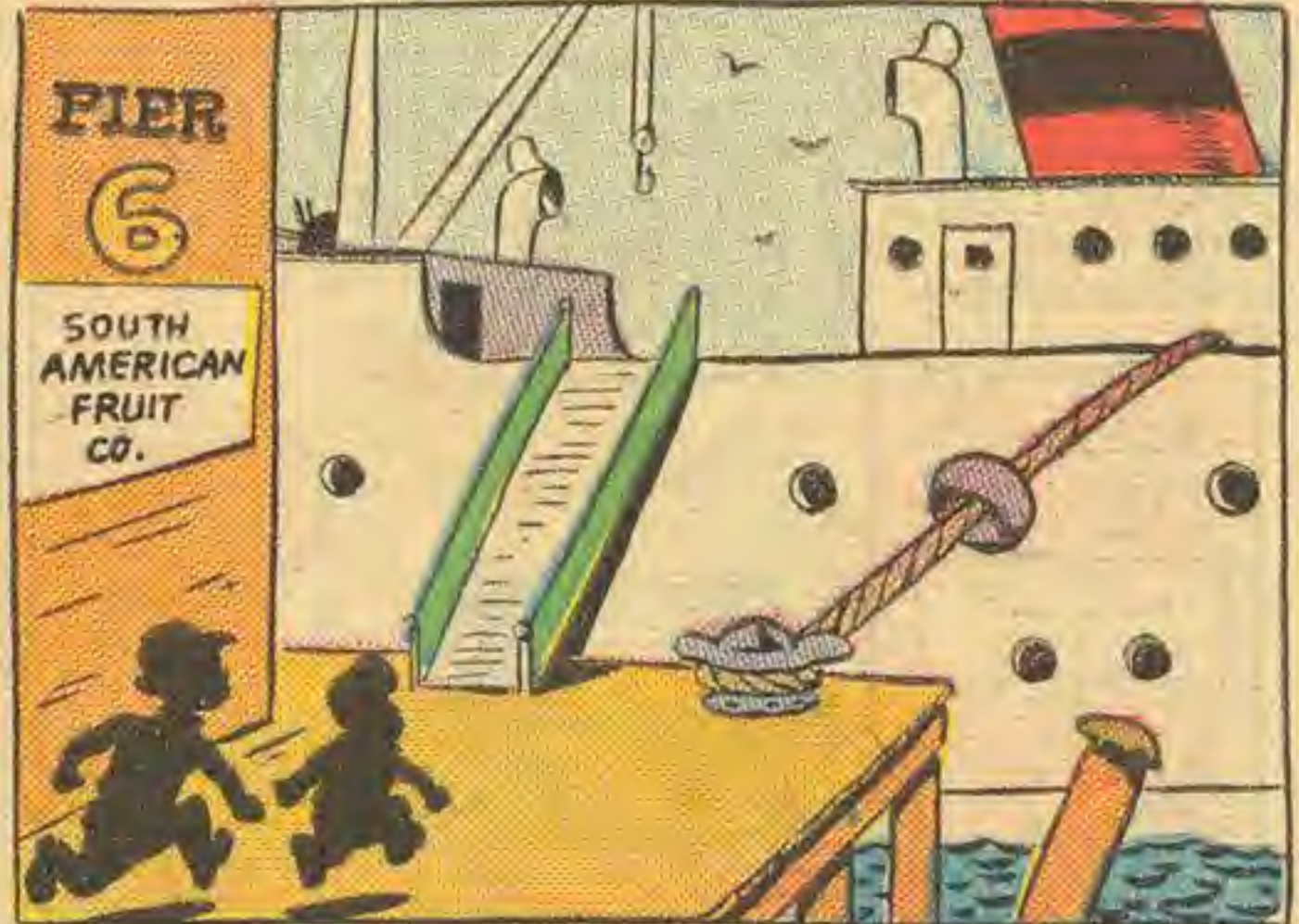
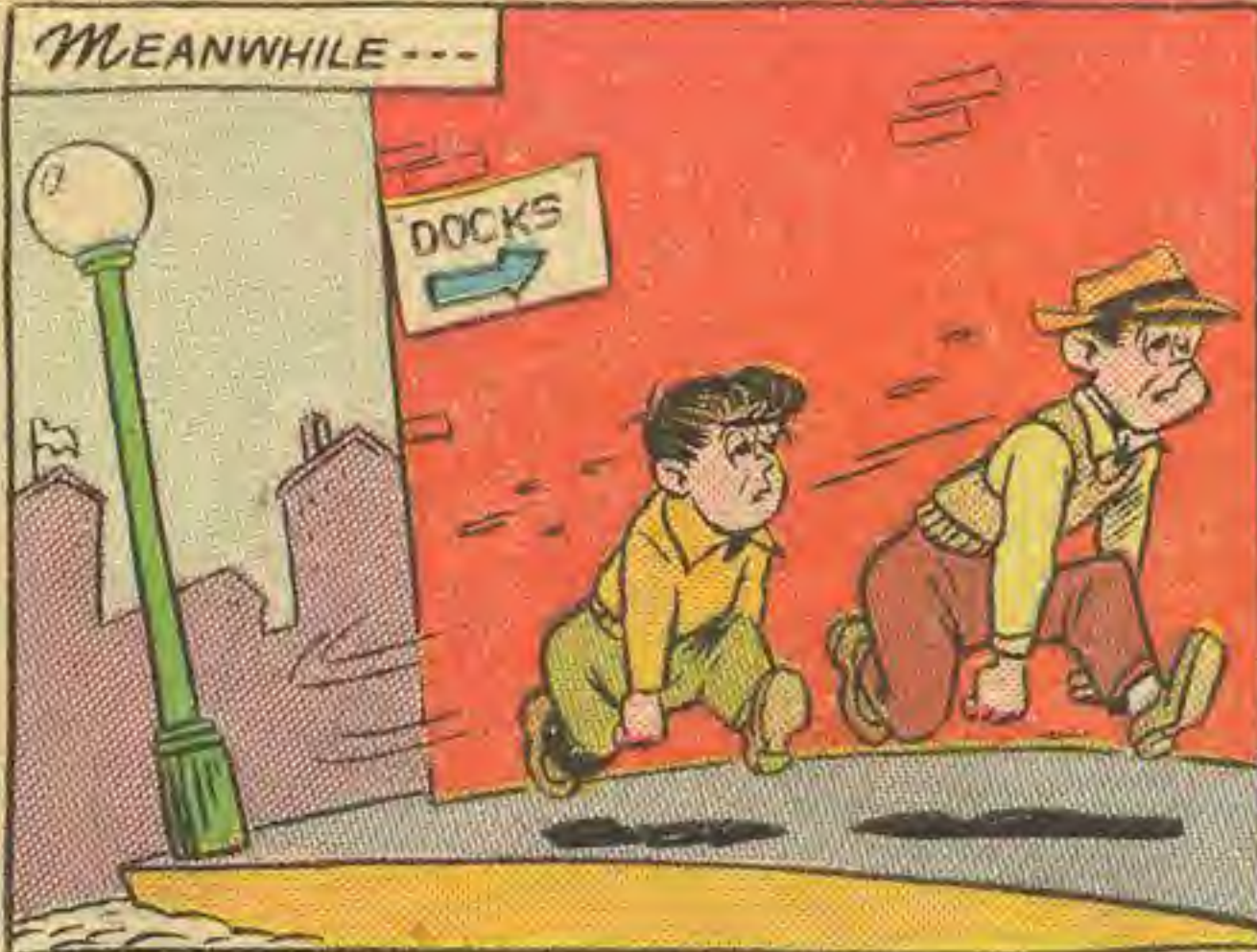
Ach du Lieber! DOSE TWO BOYS!
DEY'RE GONE! IN DER EGGZITEMENT,
I FORGOT ABOUT DEM!



QUICK! VE MUST FIND DEM! DEY'RE STILL
HYPNOTIZED! EVERYBODY SEARCH! DEY MUST
BE AROUND ZOMEPLACE! HALLO,
BOYS! YOU'DERE?



MEANWHILE---



And ON DECK--

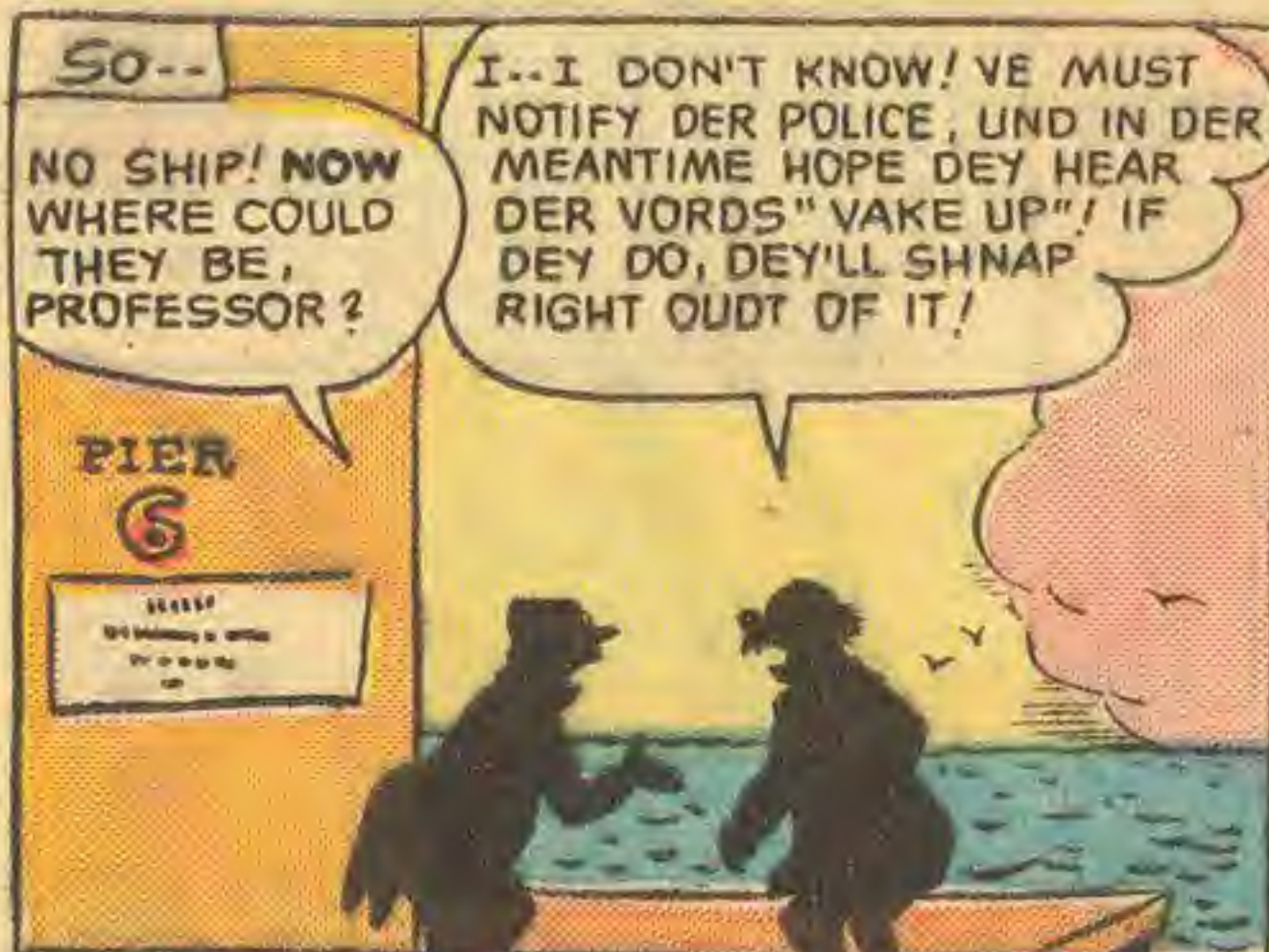
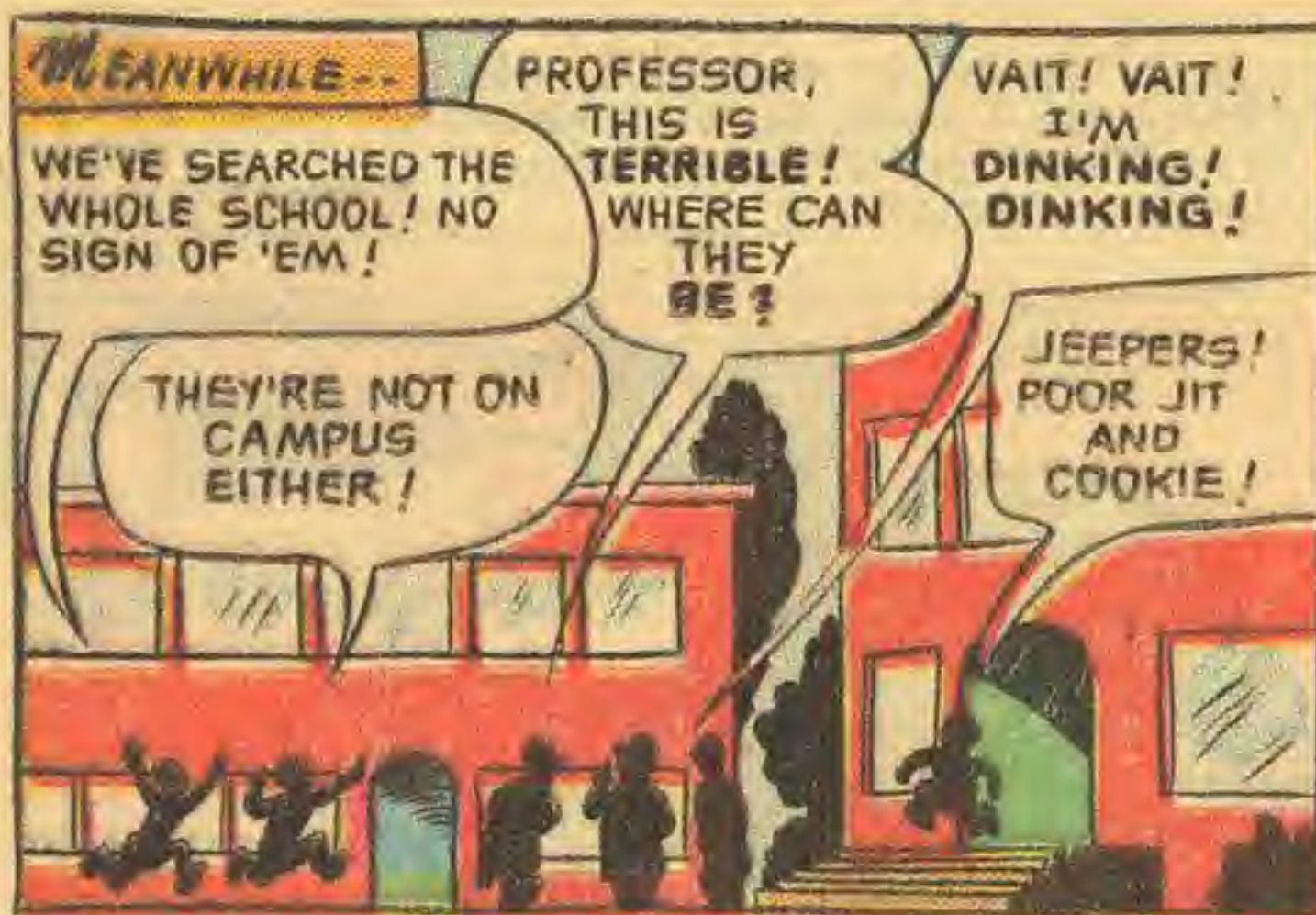
AHOY, FOR'RD! IS
THAT BOW CLEAR?

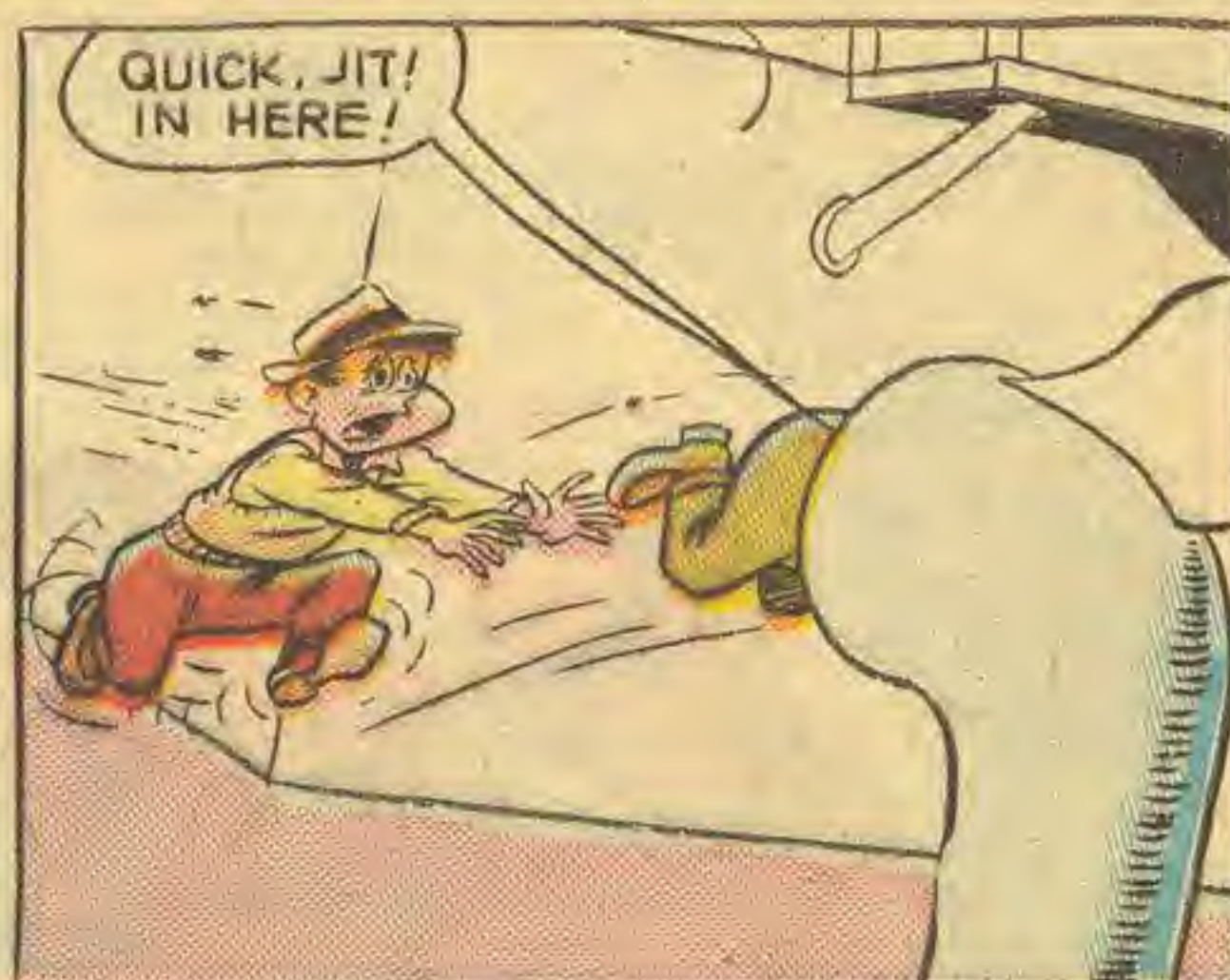
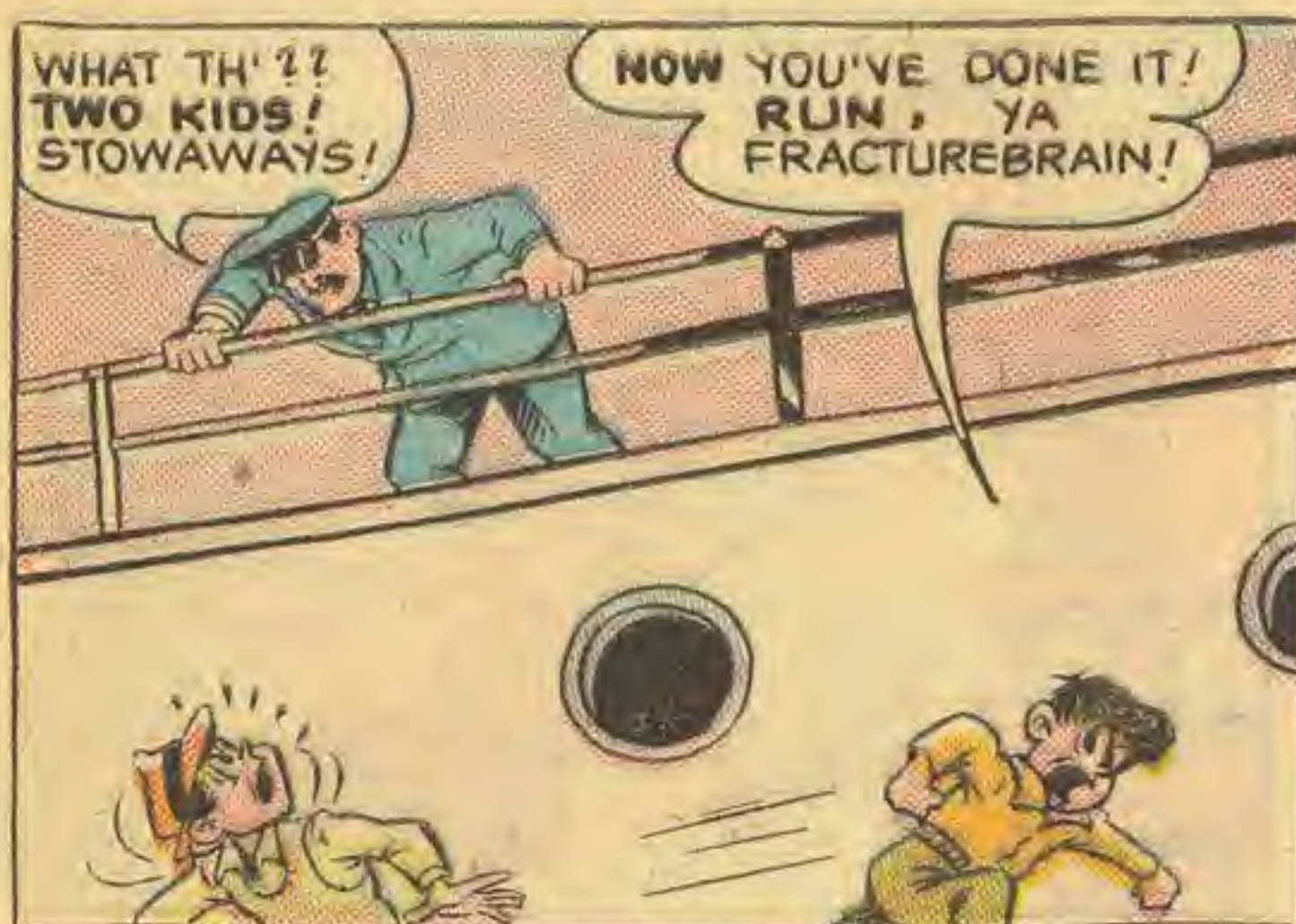
ALL RIGHT, SLOW ASTERN,
MATE, THEN HALF SPEED
FOR'RD TILL WE PASS
THE BREAKWATER!

AYE
AYE,
SIR!

WOOW!









5,000 OTHER PLACES ON THIS SHIP WE COULDA GONE, AND YOU LEAD US RIGHT BACK TO HIM!

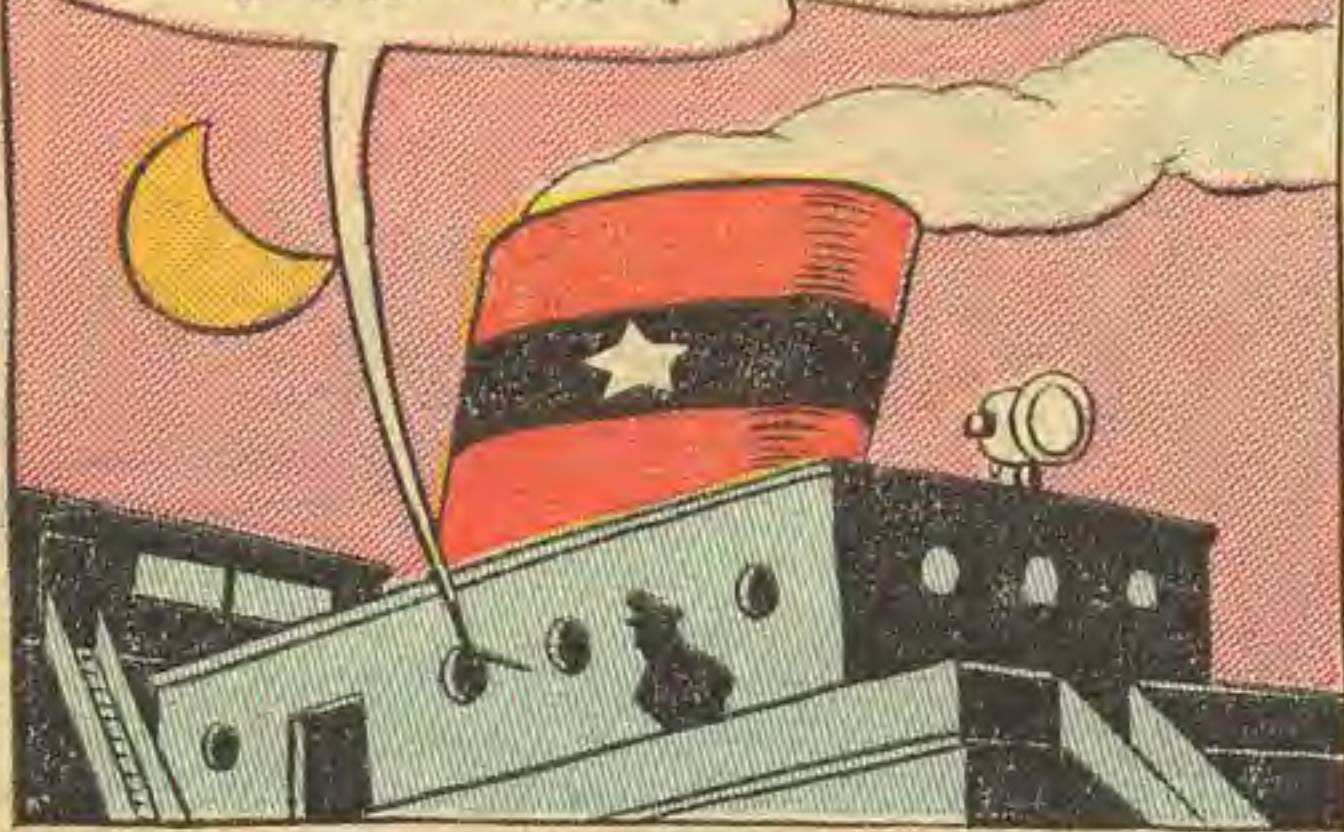


SOMETIME LATER--

THEY'VE DUCKED ME AGAIN! NO USE TRYIN' TO FIND THEM ALONE!... I BETTER REPORT THIS TO THE CAPTAIN!

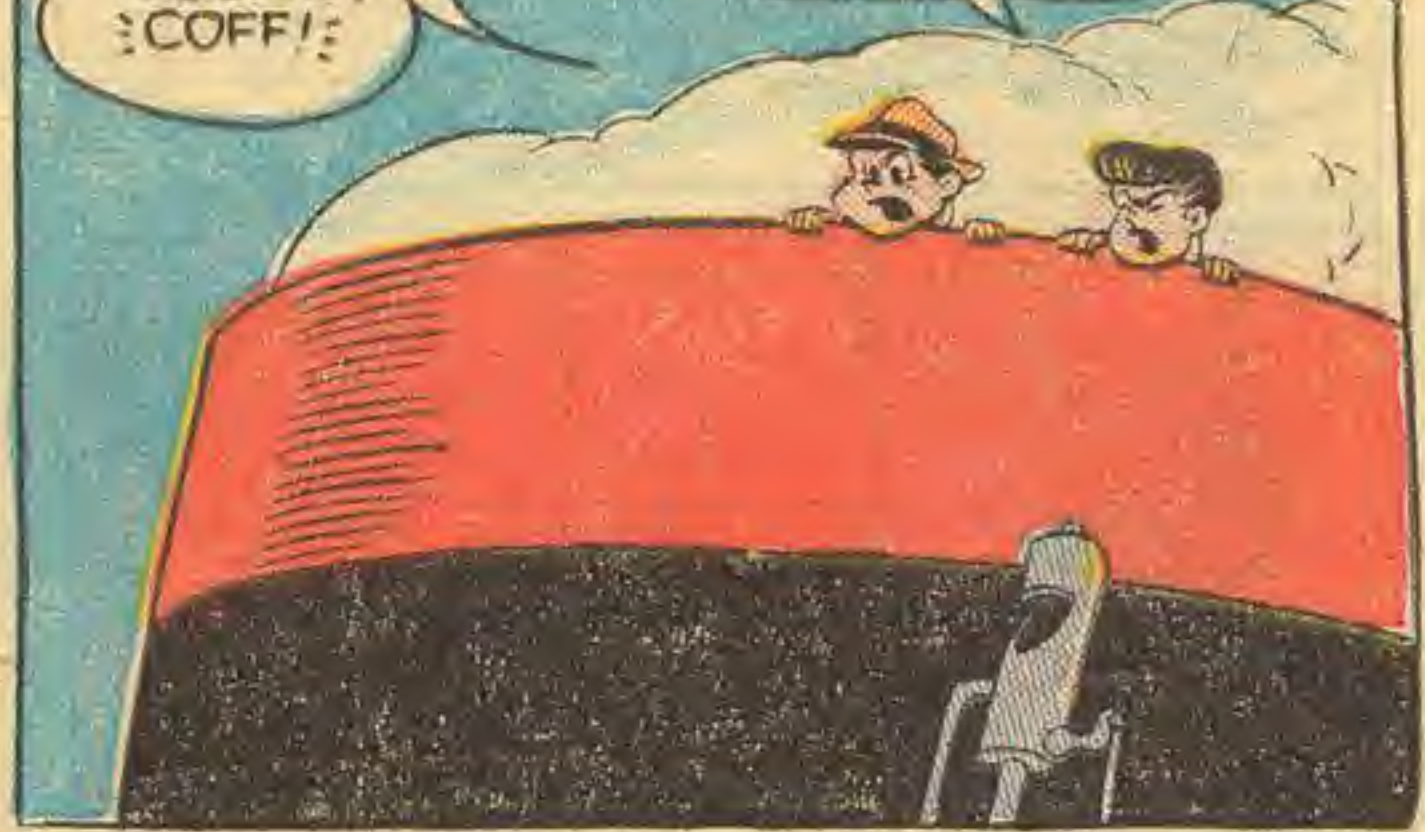


I'M POSITIVE I SAW 'EM RUN UP THAT COMPANIONWAY! WHERE THEY'RE AT NOW, I DON'T KNOW!



COFF-COFF! THERE HE GOES, COOKIE! COFF!

WELL, LET'S GET OUTA HERE THEN! -- I'M CHOKIN'!



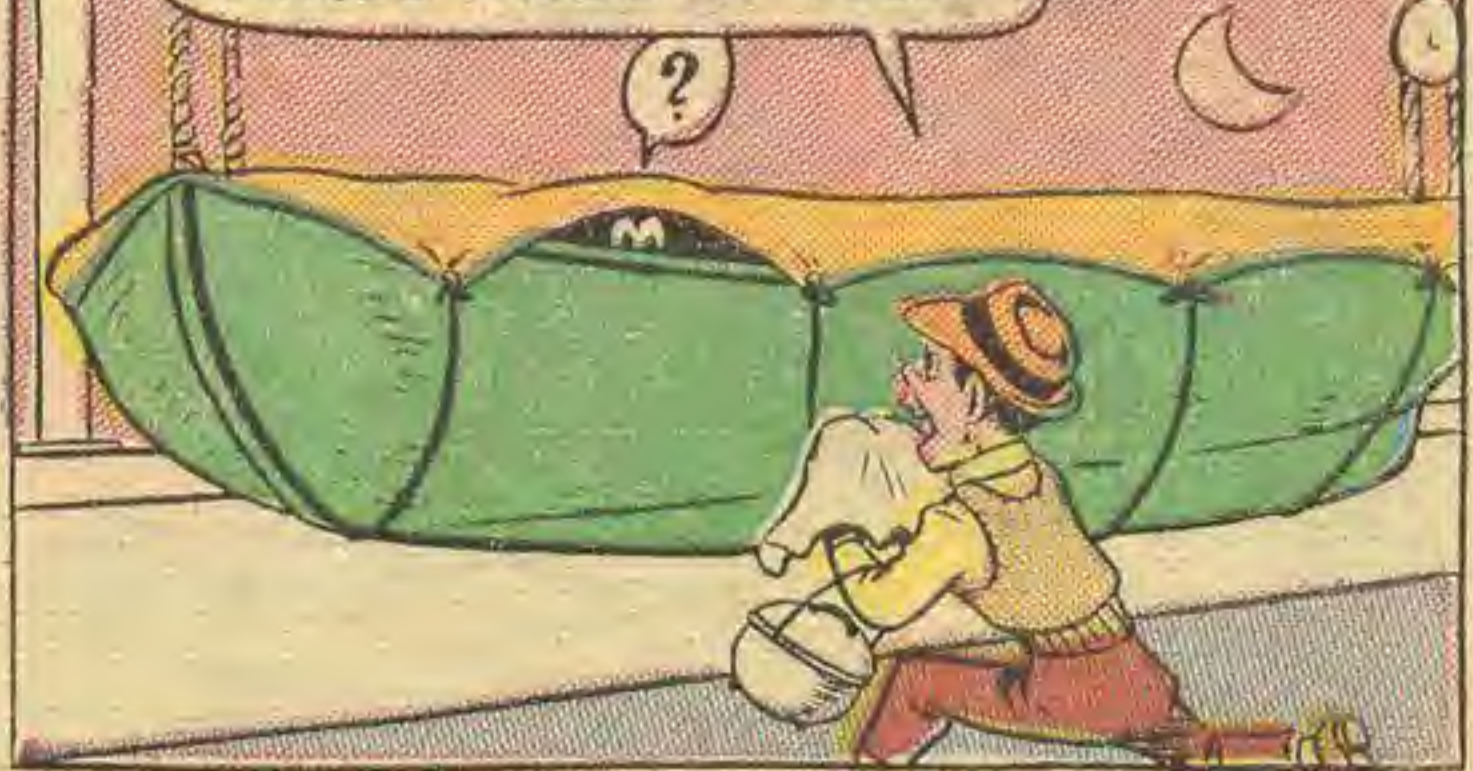
STOWAWAYS, EH? WELL NOTIFY THE CREW TO KEEP THEIR EYES OPEN! THOSE TWO WILL GET PRETTY HUNGRY IN A FEW HOURS AND SHOW THEMSELVES!

AYE, AYE, SIR!



BUT AT THAT VERY MINUTE--

PSSST! COOKIE, OPEN UP! I GOT US A WHOLE MESS OF FOOD!



HOLY COW, JIT, HOW'D YA DO IT? WHEN WE LOOKED THRU THE GALLEY WINDOWS, THAT COOK WAS STANDIN' OVER HIS GRUB LIKE A PRISON GUARD!

I GOT NEWS FOR YA! THIS CHOW COMES TO US THRU THE COURTESY OF THE PROFESSOR KNOCKWURST METHOD!

HUH?



YUP! THE BACK OF MY WATCH WAVED GENTLY AT THE WINDOW REFLECTING THE LIGHT IN THE GALLEY AND-- SHLEEP! SHLEEP! SHLEEP!



TWO DAYS LATER, BACK HOME---

LIEUTENANT, THIS DISAPPEARANCE CASE HAS THE WHOLE FORCE **BAFFLED!** THOSE KIDS COULDN'T VANISH INTO THIN AIR!

THAT'S RIGHT SER-GEANT! SOMEWHERE WE'VE PASSED UP A VITAL CLUE! A-- BY GEORGE, I'VE GOT IT! GET ME A LIST OF ALL SHIP ARRIVALS AND DEPARTURES ON THE DAY THEY DISAPPEARED!

POLICE

SO---

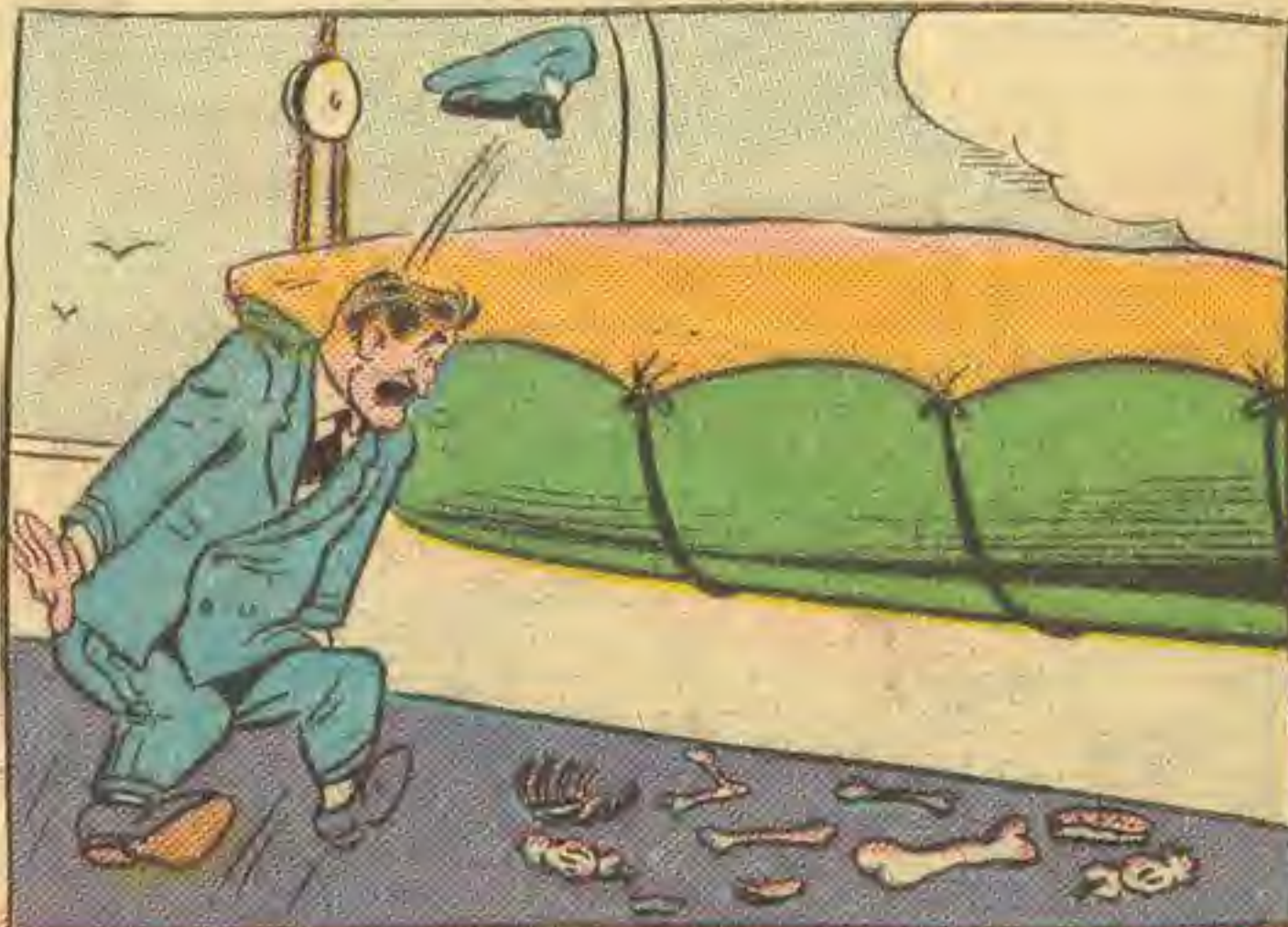
I WAS RIGHT! THE S.S. LIDO, A SHIP OWNED BY THE SOUTH AMERICAN FRUIT COMPANY, SAILED FROM PIER 6 APPROXIMATELY 20 MINUTES BEFORE THE SCHOOL PRINCIPAL GOT THERE!

THAT'S IT! I'LL SEND A RADIOGRAM TO THE SHIP AND ASK IF THEY'RE ABOARD!

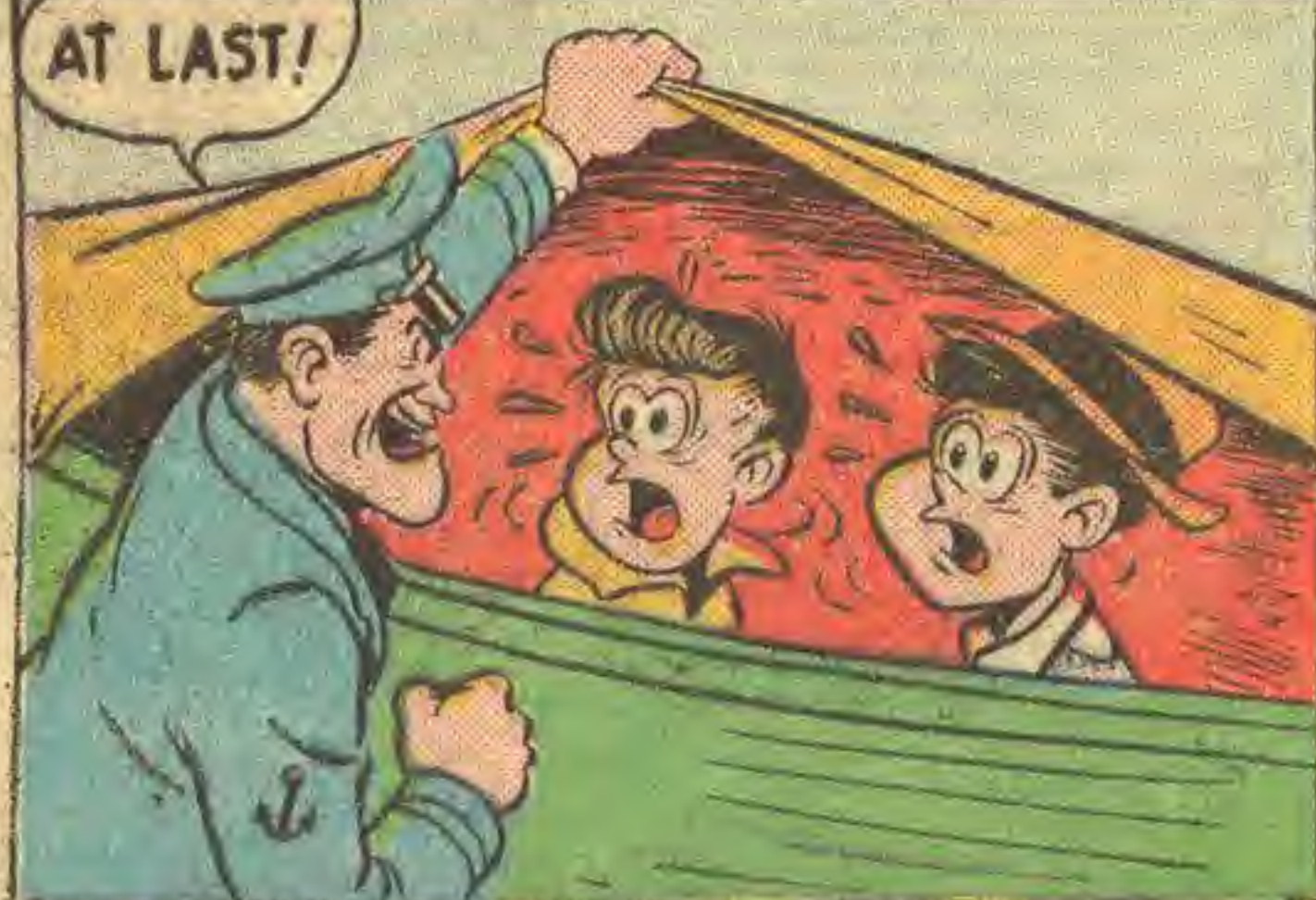
ABOARD THE S.S. LIDO---

GOLLY, JIT! I WONDER IF THEY'LL EVER THINK OF LOOKIN' IN THIS LIFEBOAT!

NAW! WHY SHOULD THEY? THEY'LL NEVER SUSPECT US OF BEIN' IN HERE!



AT LAST!



ALL RIGHT, PUT 'EM IN IRONS, MATE!

GLADLY!

CAPTAIN, A RADIOGRAM FOR YOU! IT'S ABOUT THOSE TWO KIDS!



AND SO---

40 YEARS AT SEA AND I NEVER HEARD ANYTHING LIKE IT! NOTHING TO DO, BOYS, BUT TAKE YOU ON TO RIO WITH US AND THEN PUT YOU ON A PLANE FOR HOME!



AND FINALLY---

BOYS, I CAME OVER TO APOLOGIZE TO YOU!

APOLOGIZE?! HOLY COW, PROFESSOR-- INSTEAD OF YOU APOLOGIZIN', WE WANTA THANK YOU!-- IT ISN'T EVERY TEEN-AGER THAT GETS A FREE TRIP TO SOUTH AMERICA!



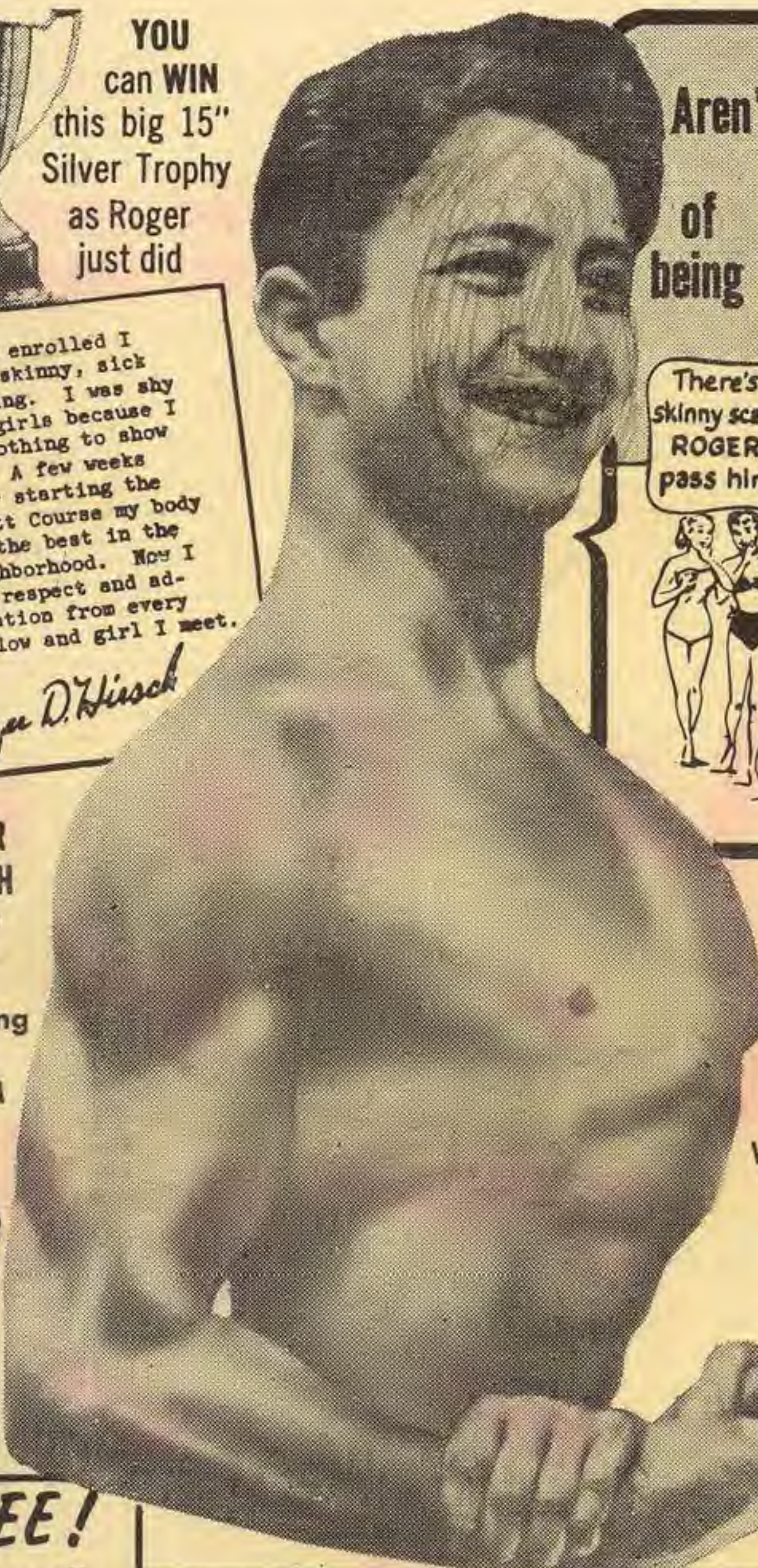


YOU
can WIN
this big 15"
Silver Trophy
as Roger
just did

When I enrolled I was a skinny, sick weakling. I was shy with girls because I had nothing to show off. A few weeks after starting the Jowett Course my body was the best in the neighborhood. Now I get respect and admiration from every fellow and girl I meet.

Roger D. Hirsch

ROGER HIRSCH
was an
112 lb.
6 ft.
weakling
LOOK
AT HIM
NOW!



Aren't **YOU** as **SICK** and Tired as I was
of being **SKINNY** ?
CHICKEN-CHESTED
SPINDLE-ARMED
NARROW-SHOULDERED
SHORT-WINDED
WEAK, HALF-ALIVE
JEERED, BULLIED

There's that
skinny scarecrow
ROGER. Let's
pass him by!



**Then do as I did...
MAIL THE COUPON BELOW**

**I gained 53 lbs. of mighty muscle
I added 6½ inches to my CHEST
3 inches to each ARM**

And the rest in proportion —
ALL IN A FEW SHORT WEEKS
by using the **JOWETT SYSTEM**

for building Real **HE-MEN**

Come on, PAL, Now **YOU** give me
10 pleasant Minutes a Day
in your own home... and I'll
give **YOU** a **NEW HE-MAN BODY**
for your **OLD SKELETON FRAME.**

says **GEORGE F. JOWETT**
World's Greatest Builder of **HE-MEN**

NO! I don't care how skinny or flabby you are; if you're a teen-ager, in your 20's or 30's or over; if you're short or tall, or what work you do. All I want is **JUST 10 EXCITING MINUTES** in your home to **MAKE YOU OVER** by the **SAME METHOD** I turned myself from a wreck to a Champion of Champions.

YES! You'll see **INCH** upon **INCH** of **MIGHTY MUSCLE** added to **YOUR ARMS.** Your **CHEST** deepened. Your **BACK AND SHOULDERS** broadened. From head to heels, you'll gain **SOLIDITY, SIZE, POWER, SPEED!** You'll become an **ALL-AROUND, ALL-AMERICAN HE-MAN, a WINNER** in everything you tackle—or my Training won't cost you one solitary cent!

- World's wrestling and wt. lifting champ
- World's Strongest Arms.
- 4 times "World's Perfect Body" Winner.



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Whom experts call "Champion of Champions"

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2 JOWETT'S Photo Book of Famous Strong Men!

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NOW LET ME MAKE **YOU** LIKE **ROGER**
A **WINNER**
IN EVERY WALK OF LIFE



This may be Your **LAST**
chance to **GET AMAZING**
NATIONAL EMERGENCY OFFER

All these **5 Picture**
Packed **COURSES** on He-
Man Building for only

10¢

MILLIONS
have been sold for \$1 and more

Develop **YOUR 520 MUSCLES**
Gain Pounds, **INCHES, FAST!**

Friend, I've traveled the world. Made a **LIFETIME STUDY** of every way known to develop your body. Then I devised the **BEST** by **TEST**, my **"5-WAY PROGRESSIVE POWER"** the only method that builds you 5-ways fast. You save **YEARS, DOLLARS** like movie star Tom Tyler did. Like Champ Roger Hirsch did. Like **MANY THOUSANDS** like you did. **SO...**

MAIL COUPON NOW and GET

BOTH FREE!

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230 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 1, N.Y.

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